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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney.* By Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. 4to. 1l. 5s. boards. Mawman. 1808.

WE can hardly mention any name in history, which has been the theme of such general and unvarying praise as that of Sir Philip Sidney. His contemporaries seem to have regarded him with an admiration bordering on enthusiasm; and the praise which they bestowed, has accompanied his memory, and been increased rather than diminished in its descent down the stream of time. His life appears to have been without a stain; and time which discloses secrets and develops the mysteries of hidden crimes, has hitherto brought to light no circumstance which can fix any blemish on his character. The examination and the research of succeeding generations has rather confirmed than weakened the favourable judgment that was formed on this accomplished scholar, judicious statesman, intrepid soldier, sober religionist, and virtuous man; by the age in which he lived. Though Sidney possessed that splendor of excellence which is apt, while it dazzles some, to excite envy in others, yet his amiable qualities were so many and so thoroughly incorporated in his disposition and demeanour, that the sensations of envy, in those who were inclined to envy him, seem to have been converted into the feeling of affection and esteem. He was not one of those persons who are exalted to such a pitch of sublimity as to be too great to be envied, but who are at the same time too much raised above the common level, the surface of frail and sensitive humanity, to be loved. Sir Philip Sidney while he possessed the sterner virtues of a majestic character, seems to have had such a large stock of good humour and benignity mingled

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in his nature and habits, that envy lost its malignity at his approach, and softened with complacency in his presence.

The delineation, which Dr. Zouch has drawn of this interesting personage, appears to be faithfully correct; though in some parts we discern the languor of a copyist and a want of that luminous animation, that glow of chivalry, which characterised the original. The author has evidently bestowed considerable pains in compiling his memoirs, and has drawn his materials from the most authentic sources; and if we occasionally meet with flat passages, common-place remarks, and insipid details, yet these are more than compensated by the labour of research, the love of truth, and the vein of piety which pervade the whole. We have no other knowledge whatever of Dr. Zouch than what he has himself furnished in the present work; but from the turn of reflection, the sedate but not austere, the devout but not pharisaical tone of moral and religious sentiment which characterise the composition, we are convinced that the author is a Christian without guile. The praise of authorship is inferior to this; though we consider Dr. Zouch to be entitled not only to high moral encomium, but to a considerable share of literary praise.

The subject of these memoirs was the grandson of Sir William Sidney, who was chamberlain and steward of the household to Henry VIII.; and the son of Sir Henry Sidney, who was the companion and friend of Edward VI., and was esteemed the most accomplished gentleman in his court. His mother was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. The following letter which Sir Henry Sidney wrote to his son in 1566 when he was at school at Shrewsbury and only twelve years of age, while it evinces the judicious sentiments and reflective habits of his father, seems to indicate an early maturation of intellect in the son.

I have receaved two letters from yow, one written in Latine, the other in French; which I take in good parte, and will yow to exercise that practice of learninge which for that will stand yow in moste steade, in that profession of ys that yow are born to live in. And since this ys my first letter that ever I did write to yow, I will not that yt be all emptie of some advyses, which my naturall care of yow provokethe me to wishe yow to folowe, as documents to yow in this your tender age. Let your first actyon be, the lyfting up of your mynd to almighty God by hartly prayer; and feelingly dysgest the words yow speake in prayer, with contynual meditation and thinking of him to whom yow praye and of the matter for which yow praye. And use this at an ordinary hower.

Whereby the tyme ytsel will put yow in remembrance to doe that, which yow are accustomed to doe in that tyme. Apply yowr study to suche houres, as yowre discrete master dothe assign yow, earnestlye: and the time, I know, he will so lymitt, as shal be both sufficient for yowr learninge, and saf for yowr health. And mark the sens, and the matter of that yow read, as well as the woordes. So shal yow both enreeche yowr tonge with woordes, and yowr whyte with matter; and judgement will growe as yeares growyth in yow. Be humble and obedient to yowr master, for unless yow frame yowrselfe to obey others, yea and seale in yowrselfe what obedience is, yow shall never be able to teach others how to obey yow. Be curtesie of gesture, and affable to ali men, with diuersitee of reverence, accordinge to the dignitie of the person. There ys nothinge, that wynneth so much with so lytell cost. Use moderate dyet, so as, after yowr meate, yow may find your wytte fresher and not duller, and your body more lyvely, and not more heauey. Seldom drinke wine, and yet sometimes doe, least, being enforced to drinke upon the sodayne, yow should find yowrself inflamed. Use exercise of bodye, but suche as ys without peryll of yowr jointes or bones. It will encrease yowr force, and enlarge yowr breathe. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of yower bodye, as in yowr garments. It shall make yow grateful in yche company, and otherwise lothsome. Give yowrself to be merye, for yow degenerate from yowr father, yf you find not yowrself most able in wytte and bodye, to doe any thinge when yow be most mery: but let yowr myrthe be ever void of all scurilitee, and bitinge woords to any man, for an wound given by a worde is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be yow rather a herer, and bearer away of other men's talke, than a begynner or procurer of speeche, otherwise yow shal be counted to delight to hear yowr self speake. Yf you heare a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commytte yt to yowr memorye, with respect to the circumstance, when yow shal speake yt. Let never othe be hard to come out of yowre mouthe, nor woord of rybandrye; detest yt in others, so shal custome make to yowr self a lawe against hit in yowr self. Be modest in yche assemble, and rather be rebuked of light felowes for meden-like shamesfastness, than of yowr sad frends for pearte boldnes. Thinke upon every worde that you will speake, before yow utter hit, and remembre how nature hath rampared up, as yt were, the tonge with teeth, lippes, yea and here without the lippes, and all betokening raynes or bridles, for the loose use of that membre. Above all things, tell no untruthes, no not in trifles: the custome of it is naught, and let it not satisfie yow, that, for a time the herers take yt for a truthes, for after yt will be knowne as yt is, to yowr shame; for ther cannot be a greater reproche to a gentleman, then to be accounted a lyare. Study and endeavour yowr self to be virtuously occupied. So shal yow make such an habite of well doinge in yow, that yow shal not knowe how to do evill, thoughte

yow wold. Remembre, my sonne, the noble blood yow are descended of, by yowr mother's side; and thinke that only, by virtuous lyf and good action, yow may be an ornament to that illustre familie; and otherwise, through vice and slouth yow shal be counted *labres generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my lytell *Philippe* this is enough for me, and too much I fear for yow. But yf I shall finde that this light meale of digestion nourishe any thing the weake stomake of your yonge capacitie, I will, as I find the same growe stronger, sead yt with toofer foode.

Your lovinge father,
so long as you lyve in the feare of God,
'H. Sidney.'

Mr. Sidney was admitted a member of the university of Oxford in 1569; and placed under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Thornton, a man of singular erudition and benevolence. Fuller says of Sidney that

'He cultivated not one art, or one science, but the whole circle of arts and sciences; his capacious and comprehensive mind aspiring to pre-eminence in every part of knowledge attainable by human genius or industry. Such was his appetite for learning, that he could never be fed fast enough therewith, and so quick and strong his digestion, that he soon turned it into wholesome nourishment and thrived healthfully thereon.'

He seems to have been one of the rare few, who know how to select the pulp of learning and to throw away the husk. The knowledge, which he acquired, was such as every gentleman ought to be eager to obtain; it was adapted both for pleasure and utility, for ornament and for practice, for publicity and retirement. It fitted him to enjoy the sweets of domestic, and to conduct himself with authority and distinction in the tumult of political life.

The study of the learned languages had, at this time, been not long revived, and a proficiency in the literature of Greece and of Rome was that which the scholar was most emulous to attain. If we may judge from the Latin compositions of Mr. Sidney, which are still extant, he was a perfect master of that language. He seems to have written, and to have spoken it with facility and elegance.

In 1572, Mr. Sidney set out on his travels; his uncle, the earl of Leicester, recommended him to the notice and in some measure committed him to the care of Sir Francis Walsingham, who was then the English ambassador in France. On his arrival at Paris, he found that city filled with the principal leaders of the Huguenots and their ad-

herents, who had come to be present at the nuptials of the young king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. with the lady Margaret, sister to Charles IX. But on the sixth night after the celebration of this union, when the city was drowned in festivity and mirth, and the unsuspecting protestants were enjoying the security of sleep, religious intolerance attended by treachery and murder, issued into the streets, which soon flowed down with the blood of ten thousand Huguenots, who had been invited thither under the most solemn assurances of safety and protection. In order to shew that heaven smiled on this pious work, M. Antonius Muretus asserted in a congratulatory speech which he delivered to the Pope on this glorious triumph of *orthodox over heretical* opinions, that, on that night *the stars shone more bright than usual; and that the river Seine flowed with more than ordinary velocity in order that it might the sooner get rid of the corpses of such filthy blasphemers, and roll them into the depths of the ocean.* The *orthodoxy*, or in other words, the dogmatic intolerance of all churches in all ages is the same. Its object is not to instruct but to extirpate its opponents. Processions, thanksgivings, and a jubilee, were instituted in honour of a transaction which chills the hearts of all but those **ORTHODOX HYPOCRITES**, who neither had then, nor have now, any hearts to chill.

After the massacre Mr. Sydney hastened to leave the city, which had been polluted by such execrable cruelties. He pursued his journey through Lorraine, by Strasburg and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here he had the happiness of becoming acquainted with Hubert Languet, who was then a resident from the Elector of Saxony. Languet seems to have been strongly interested by the amiable and ingenuous qualities, and the promising talents of Sydney: and to have conceived a friendship for him, which lasted during life. He was a man of great and general erudition, combined with that practical knowledge which resulted from extensive experience, and an enlarged intercourse with mankind.

‘No one knew more intimately the political history of his own times, the tempers, the views and pursuits of all the kings and princes of Europe. He possessed the confidence of Gustavus king of Sweden; of Augustus elector of Saxony; and above them all, of William prince of Orange. These exalted personages successively employed him in several important negociations. To Thuanus, the historian, he endeared himself by his candour, his probity, his nice and exact judgment in public and private affairs. This incomparable writer, having at one time found him disengaged, spent three

days with him, and was so rivetted to him by the allurements of his conversation, that he could not tear himself away from his presence.'

Such was the man to whose conversation Sidney was certainly indebted for no small accession to his stock of general knowledge, and whose sage counsels and sagacious remarks contributed to promote his moral improvement, and to keep him on his guard against the blandishments of vice.

'At Vienna. Mr. Sydney learned horsemanship, the use of arms, and all those manly and martial exercises, which were suitable to his youth and nobleness of birth. In the beginning of his "*Defence of Poesy*," he gives a pleasant relation of the partiality of his equestrian preceptor, John Pietro Pughano, in favor of his own professional occupation. This man, who had the place of an equerry in the emperor's stables, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness, and his courage, that his pupil facetiously says, "If I had not been a piece of a logician, before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself an horse." During his stay at Vienna he acquired all those accomplishments, with which the Conte Baldassar Castiglione has adorned his courtier. He excelled at tilt or tournament, in managing all sorts of weapons, in playing at tennis, in diversions of trial and skill, in music, in all the exercises that suited a noble cavalier. His person, his aspect, his discourse, his every gesture were embellished with dignity and grace.'

He was at Venice in 1574, where he spent some time without participating in the gay debaucheries of that sensual capital. From Venice he retired to Padua, which was renowned for its learned university.

'Here he applied himself with his accustomed diligence to geometry and astronomy. But Languet, who was alarmed by the delicate state of his health, advised him not to give up too much time to those studies, lest he should impair his health, and resemble a traveller, who, during a long journey, attends to himself and not to his horse.'

The celebrated Tasso was then a resident at Padua; and Dr. Zouch thinks that the desire of cultivating the acquaintance of this eminent poet was one of the leading motives which induced Mr. Sidney to visit that place. Languet, who was afraid lest his young friend should fall a victim to the subtle intrigues of the Roman pontiff and his adherents, dissuaded him strongly from visiting 'the city seated on seven hills.' The power of the pope has been so much reduced, and the sophisms of the Papists so ably exposed since

the time of which we are speaking, that this advice of Languet, which was very discreet then, may betray very ridiculous apprehensions to us who are living at the present period. But the caution was, at that time, neither unnecessary nor unwise.

Solicitous to form his Latin style, Sidney requested the advice of Languet, who recommended the diligent perusal of Cicero's epistles,

'He advised him to translate an epistle into another language, and having laid aside the version for some time, to render it again into Latin. He cautioned him against a fault which was then much in fashion—a superstitious affectation of emulating Cicero, and of admitting no words or phrases, which were not Ciceronian.'

At Heidelberg, where Mr. Sidney resided some time, he cultivated the friendship of Zacharius Ursinus, whose studies were prosecuted with such unremitting intensity of application, that in order to prevent the interruption of idlers, he wrote over the door of his library,

*Amice, quisquis huc venis,
Aut agito paucis, aut abi.*

'From this eminent scholar Mr. Sidney learned how to estimate the value of time; he learnt how criminal it is to waste the hours of life in unedifying discourse, and much more so in vicious pursuits or guilty indulgencies.

Having spent almost three years in visiting different parts of Europe, Mr. Sidney returned through Germany by Heidelberg, Frankfurt, and Antwerp, and arrived in London in the month of May 1575. To his attainments in Greek and Latin literature, he had now added a knowledge of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. On his return he became the delight and admiration of the English court, by his dignified and majestic address, the urbanity of his manners, and the sweet complacency of his whole deportment. The queen treated him with peculiar kindness, calling him her Philip, in opposition, it is said, to Philip of Spain, her sister's husband. In the quaint language of Fuller, his homebred abilities travel perfected, and a sweet nature set a gloss upon both. He was so essential to the English court, that it seemed maimed without his company, being a compleat master of matter and language.'

In 1576 Mr. Sidney was sent ambassador to the court of Vienna in order to condole with Rodolph on the death of his father Maximilian II.; but in reality to form a league of all the Protestant states against the danger which threatened them from the Popish powers, from the superstition of Rome, and the tyranny of Spain. Mr. Sidney conducted

himself in this important mission with an ability and address far beyond his years. The following character which he drew of the emperor Rodolph in an official letter which he wrote to secretary Walsingham, will shew at once the extent of his sagacity, and the solidity of his judgment.

‘The emperor,’ says he, ‘is holy (wholly) by his inclination given to the wars, few of words, sullain of disposition, very secrete and resolute, nothinge the manners his father had in winninge men in his behaviour, but yet constant in keeping them; and such a one, as though he promise not much outwardly, but as the Latins say, *aliquid in recessu*: his brother Earnest, much like him in disposition, but, that he is more franke, and forward, which perchance the necessity of his fortune argues him to be: both extremely Spaniolated.’

At that time he was honoured with the friendship of William Prince of Orange, the father of his country, and the protector of its liberties. This prince, who was certainly no mean judge of merit, described him,

‘As one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state at that day in Europe.’ ‘They held a constant correspondence with each other, not on trifling and frivolous topics, but on the political transactions of the age in which they lived.’

In 1579 Mr. Sidney exerted himself to dissuade Elizabeth from marrying a French prince. The letter, which he wrote to her on this occasion, is generally allowed to be composed with great elegance and force of reasoning.

‘To this performance,’ says his present biographer, ‘our ancestors in some degree owe their preservation from the yoke of foreign tyranny and oppression.’

He draws the following parallel between Elizabeth and the prince who was designed for her spouse.

‘He of the Romish religion; and if he be a man, must have that manlike property, to desire that all men be of his mind; you the erector and defender of the contrary; the only sun that dazzleth their eyes. He, French, and desiring to make France great; your majesty English, and desiring nothing less than that France should grow great; he, both by his own fancy and his youthful governors embracing all ambitious hopes, having Alexander’s image in his head, but perhaps evil painted; your majesty, with excellent virtue taught what you should hope, and by no less wisdom what you may hope, with a council renowned over all Christendom, for their well-tempered minds, having set the utmost of their ambition in your favour, and the study of their souls in your safety.’

The attention which Elizabeth paid to the arguments of Sidney shewed the deference which she had for his judgment, particularly when we consider that they relate to a point, on which she was always extremely sore, and in which she considered any admonition as a great disrespect of her authority. Thus the author as well as the printer of a tract which tended to evince the mischievous consequences of a French marriage, were about this time condemned to have their right hands struck off, as a punishment for the offence. Dr. Zouch says that the severity of this punishment

‘Originated in an improper deference to the French prince, rather than in the disposition of the queen, which was *naturally mild and compassionate.*’

We must confess that we are of a different opinion; and think that Elizabeth was not naturally more mild and compassionate than her father Henry VIII.

During an interval of retirement at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Sidney composed his *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance, which is now more often mentioned than read. It was originally written on loose sheets of paper, most of it in the presence of his sister; the rest on sheets which were sent to her, as soon as they were finished. Previously to his death he is said to have made a request that it might be committed to the flames.

‘He did not complete the third book, nor was any part of the work printed during his life. His design was to have arranged the whole anew; and it is asserted on the authority of Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, that he intended to change the subject by celebrating the prowess and military deeds of king Arthur. The scattered manuscripts which he left, were collected by his sister, to whose care they were consigned, and for whose delight and entertainment they were written. The whole was corrected by her pen, and carefully perused by others under her direction, so that it was very properly called the Countess of Pembroke’s *ARCADIA.*’

Of this work, of which, as it was a posthumous and unfinished piece, the merit must not be measured by the rigid rules of criticism, the principal excellence certainly consists in the nice and delicate discriminations of character. Thus, what a fine-drawn portrait is this of Palladius, who had

‘A mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to

the uttering, a behaviour so noble as gave a majesty to adversity ; and all in a man whose age could not be above one and twenty years.'

With what exquisite discrimination does he depict the shades of difference which varied the characters of the two daughters of Basilius, which a common observer would not have noticed, and which none but a man of clear conceptions and refined sensibility could have represented with so much vivacity and truth ! These two females were

'So beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show, that nature is no step-mother to that sex, how much soever men, sharp-witted only in evil-speaking, have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister ; for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was, if at least such perfections may receive the word of more, more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela ; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes, and threatened in Pamela's : methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded, as all hearts must yield ; Pamela's beauty used violence, but such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds : Philoclea so bashful, as though her excellencies had stolen into her before she was aware ; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance ; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride.'

In September 1581, Sidney lost his friend Hubert Languet, to whose advice, sagacity, and condition, he had been under so many obligations. Of Languet, it is said by Dr. Zouch, that the 'Syren sloth had not charms sufficiently powerful to fascinate him ;' and that he 'accustomed himself to weigh time even to the utmost grain.' It is deeply to be lamented that the letters of Sidney to this great and good man have not been preserved ; they were written in Latin, and while they did honour to his merit as a scholar, would probably have thrown considerable light on his history and the occurrences of his time.

Of 'The Defence of Poesy,' which was composed by Mr. Sidney about this time, Dr. Zouch says that

'It shows at once the erudition, judgment, and taste of the author. In it the laws of the drama are described with singular precision and exactness. The lovely simplicity of its language, the

ingenuity of just and sound remarks without the least affectation,—the frequent and happy allusions to the best writers of classic antiquity, must always please.’

In 1583, Mr. Sidney married Frances the only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a statesman of singular probity, disinterestedness and moderation. In the same year, the honour of knighthood was conferred on him at Windsor castle by the queen. Titles were then bestowed with a frugality and discretion which have been since abandoned in proportion as corruption has sapped the vitals of the state.

In 1585, the inhabitants of the Netherlands, oppressed by the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, solicited the assistance of Elizabeth.

‘She promised to send a military force to their relief; for the payment and support of which, several towns in Holland were delivered to her majesty as pledges.’

Sir Philip Sidney was constituted governor of Flushing. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, was at the same time sent to the United Provinces with an army of five thousand foot and a thousand horse. Sir Philip, who was appointed colonel of all the Dutch regiments, was promoted to the command of general of the horse under his uncle. In the Netherlands wars, the English are said, by Camden, to have first forsaken their ancient habits of sobriety, and to have learned the practice of hard-drinking; and as he expresses it by *drinking to others healths to impair their own*.

The object of the expedition was in a great measure frustrated by the insolence, ignorance, and mismanagement of the Earl of Leicester; and the genius of his nephew in vain struggled to repair the errors of his military administration. But this he did not live to do; for on the twenty-second of September 1586, he was engaged in an action which terminated his life. A convoy, sent by the enemy to Zutphen in Guelderland, was met by a detachment of the English army commanded by Sir Philip Sidney. The English were very inferior in numbers to those of the enemy; but their courage supplied their defect of numbers, and they obtained a decisive victory. The victory was, however, purchased too dear; since it cost the life of Sir Philip, who exposed his person with more temerity than is customary for the commanders in modern warfare, till he received a wound, which

in a few days terminated his career of virtue and of fame. We shall let Dr. Zouch give an account of this action and of the death of Sir Philip in his own words: the extract will, at the same time, furnish a specimen of the literary merit of his work.

‘Having one horse shot under him, he mounted a second. Seeing Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy, and in imminent danger, he rushed forward to rescue him. Having accomplished his purpose, he continued the fight with great spirit, until he was himself wounded by a bullet on the left knee: ‘Among the rest,’ saith Stowe, ‘Sir Philip Sidney so behaved himself, that it was wonder to see; for hee charged the enemy thrice in one skirmish, and in the last he was shot through his left thigh, to the great grief of his Excellencie and the whole camp; who being brought to the lord lieutenant, his Excellencie said, *O Philip, I am sorry for thy hurt.* Sir Philip answered, *This have I done to do you honor, and her majesty service.* Sir William Russel, coming to him, kissed his hand and said with tears, ‘*O noble Sir Philip, there was never man attained hurt more honorably than ye have done, or any served like unto you.*’ He returned into the camp, and was thence carried in a barge to Arnheim, or as it is called in his will, Archam, a city in Guelderland. Between Zutphen and the neighbouring village of Warnsfeldt, stood a monastery of Franciscans, named Galilee, which was destroyed during the Spanish war.—Its ruins were still visible in the year 1702. Two circumstances gave celebrity to this monastery;—not far from it that incomparable hero Sir Philip Sidney, equally illustrious in the arts of peace and war, received his deadly wound: and *there* resided that monk, who suggested the cruel advice to Frederic the son of the Duke of Alva, that, having taken the city of Zutphen, he should indiscriminately massacre all the inhabitants, and *thus crush the eggs, before the young were hatched.* The concluding period of life not seldom presents us with the most prominent features of genuine goodness; and it may be truly asserted, that the pages of ancient and modern biography are not illuminated with a brighter pattern of benevolence, fortitude, and invincible patience, than that which was exhibited by Sir Philip Sidney, at this most awful season.

‘As he was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought; and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice—speaking these ever memorable words; ‘*This man’s necessity is still greater than mine.*’ Few instances can afford a more animating and affecting subject to the historical painter. Can we enough admire that placid demeanour, with which he admonished the surgeons who attended him, ‘to use their art with freedom, while his strength was yet entire, his body free from fear, and his mind able to endure.’

'An ode, which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm. These efforts of his expiring muse will not surely subject him to censure and reproach. It is impossible to suggest that they were disfigured by any sentiments of rashness and impiety. They were exercised on a subject of the most serious nature, on a wound which was likely to terminate in death. It is deeply to be regretted, that this ode is not now extant.

'At first sanguine hopes of his recovery were encouraged, the rumour of which diffused universal joy in England.—But, alas! these hopes were fallacious. The anxious solicitude with which his restoration to health was desired, appears from the rough but artless reply of Count Hollock to his chirurgéon, who had suggested his apprehensions that the life of Sir Philip could not be saved. *'Away villain, never see my face again, till you bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost.'*

'Lady Sidney, who accompanied her husband into Zealand, attended him in his last illness, and administered all that assistance and soothing consolation, which the tenderest and most affectionately sympathizing indulgence could bestow.

'Suffering under extreme misery and pain, he had now languished sixteen days on the bed of sickness. His condition was then truly deplorable. 'The very shoulder bones of the delicate patient were worn through his skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his body to the art of the chirurgéon.' At length he declared that he smelt what may not unaptly be called the smell of death. Though his attendants did not perceive this, and endeavoured to persuade him that from this circumstance he had no cause to suspect danger, he persevered in his opinion that a mortification had taken place. Sensible of the approach of his dissolution, he prepared himself for death with cheerfulness and fortitude.

'The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote the following short note to Johannes Weierus, physician to the Duke of Cleves, and famed for his learning and professional knowledge. *"Come, my Weierus, come to me. My life is in danger. Dead or alive I will never be ungrateful. I can write no more, but I earnestly entreat you to come without delay. Farewell."* Amidst the pangs of bodily pain, he preserved his reason and judgment clear and unclouded. Mr. Mollinex mentions a *large epistle* written by him in this his last illness, and addressed to Belearius, an eminent divine, in a very pure and elegant Latin style; a copy whereof, for the excellency of the phrase, and pithiness of the matter, was presented to the queen. All these particulars fully manifest that composure and tranquillity with which he prepared himself to meet death.

Dr. Zouch gives another detail of his behaviour during his last illness, from a MS. in the British Museum, written,

as he thinks, by a Mr. George Gifford, a noted preacher at that time; but this account, as might be expected, seems rather designed to shew the religious state of his feelings, than to exhibit any interesting and characteristic details of the man. Nothing can more strongly shew the merit of Sidney, than the terms of anguish and regret in which the Earl of Leicester speaks of the disaster which occasioned his death. It was written on the day of the battle, and shews distinctly the violent shock which the event gave to his sensations.

“This young manne, he was my greatest comforte, next her majestie, of all the worlde, and if I could buy his liefse, with all I have, to my sherte, I would give yt. How God will dispose of him I know not, but fear I must needs greatly the worst; the blow in so dangerous a place and so great; yet did I never hear of any manne that did abide the dressinge and settinge his bones, better than he did. And he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I heare this day he ys still of good hearte, and comforteth all aboute him as much as may be. God of his mercie graunt me his liefse, which I cannot but doubt of greatly. I was abroad that tyme in the fiede, giving some order to supplie that business, which did endure almost twoe hours in continual fighte, and meeting Philip commynge on horsebacke not a little to my greafe. Well, I praye God yt be his will, save me his liefse; even as well for her majestie's service sake, as for myne own comforte.”

The death of Sir Philip Sidney occasioned so much grief in England, that a general mourning was observed among those in the higher ranks of life.

“And this is presumed,” says Dr. Zouch, “to be the first instance of public mourning for a private person.”

Even the heart of Philip of Spain, which bigotry had converted into a stone, seemed to discover some sparks of generous sensibility on this occasion; and to evince a participation in the general sympathy both of friends and foes. The states of Holland petitioned for the honour of burying his body at the national expence; but this offer was rejected by the queen, who manifested her veneration for his memory by burying him at her own cost in St. Paul's cathedral, with a pomp, far exceeding the funeral of a private citizen. No monument was, however, erected to his memory.

In his sixth chapter, Dr. Zouch gives an account of the character of Sir Philip Sidney, his family, his friends, and his writings. This chapter will be perused with pleasure,

from the many curious particulars which it contains, and the light which it throws on the literary history of the times.

The work is concluded with an appendix ; in which, besides several other papers, we find some poetical eulogies on the memory of Sidney, taken from the three volumes which were published by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on his death.

We shall extract one of these, not because it is the best, but because it is the shortest.

Musarum Martisque decus, Sidneie, valet,
Vicisti candore genus, virtutibus annos
Artibus æquales, generosis dotibus omnes,
Invidiam famâ, mundum pietatis amore,
Militiam vitæ tanta cum laude peractam
Excipit æternus, Christo ducente triumphus.

Alex. Nevile.

This production of Dr. Zouch is, upon the whole, a very respectable performance ; which bears honourable testimony to his talents as a biographer, and his piety as a christian. An excellent engraving is prefixed to the volume, from a painting by Diego Velasquez de Silva ; and the typographical part has been very neatly executed by Mr. Wilson of York. It is, on the whole, an elegant, and according to the present price of books, a very cheap volume.

ART. II.—*An Account of Jamaica and its Inhabitants. By a Gentleman, long resident in the West Indies. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

THE author informs us that

‘ His principal view is, to exhibit a picture of society and manners in this island, (which will in some measure apply to the other West India islands;) to describe the different ranks and classes of the whites, and of the free people of colour and blacks ; to give an account of the slaves, their character, customs, condition, and treatment, and whatever also is dependent on, or may arise out of these subjects.’

He next says, that

‘ A residence of twenty-one years in Jamaica, and in a situation where he had an opportunity of knowing and observing much on the topics he has discussed, will, the author trusts, enable him to perform this task with truth and accuracy.’

Jamaica, which British industry and capital have rendered the most valuable and productive of the West India islands, is 180 miles in length from east to west, and 60 miles in its greatest breadth. The government bears a close resemblance to that of the parent country. In 1782, the island would probably have been captured by the combined fleet under Count de Grasse, if it had not been for the fortunate interposition of admiral Rodney, who gained a decisive victory over the enemy. The anniversary of this event, which happened on the 12th of August, is regularly celebrated by the most respectable inhabitants, and a fine statue has been erected in St. Jago de la Vega, to the gallant commander of the British fleet.

The shores of Jamaica, at a particular season of the year, (between January and June) are said to present a varied and beautiful view.

‘Here a dry stubble field in the midst of others covered with ripe sugar canes or clothed with the verdure of luxuriant guinea-grass, finely shaded; there a wind-mill on the summit of a hill; in another place, a cluster of buildings or tuft of trees; and in the neighbourhood an extensive savannah, partly bare and partly covered with wild shubbery and trees, with a stream of water rushing precipitately from the contiguous hills upon its level bosom; while the lofty *cloud-capt* mountains behind crowned with deep woods, and covered with perpetual verdure, close the scene.’

The interior is highly varied with mountains, valleys crags, defiles, and glades, with overhanging rocks and impervious woods, with scenes of fertility and desolation.

‘Innumerable springs gush down the sides of the hills, or wander along the glades; in the woods a thousand undescribed blossoms and wild flowers emit their sweets;’

and birds of beautiful plumage, if not of musical note, delight the eye if they do not charm the ear.

‘Jamaica is divided into three counties, which are subdivided into twenty parishes. It contains one city, (Kingston) and thirty-five towns and villages.’

‘In the towns, there is a wretched intermixture of handsome and spacious houses with vile hovels and disgraceful *sheds*, inhabited by free people of colour, who keep petty hucksters’ shops, and by low white people, who vend liquors, and give rise to many disorderly and disgraceful scenes.’

The public roads are in general very good ; and along some of those by the sea-side cocoa-nut trees are planted, which intercept the rays of a vertical sun.

Jamaica exhibits a great diversity of soils. Those which are not adapted for the sugar cane or for coffee, will produce guinea-grass and various roots, particularly the sweet potatoe. The torrid temperature of Jamaica is in some degree mitigated by those benevolent alleviations which Providence mingles in all his works. The inhabitant of the coast is refreshed by the sea-breeze which sets in at a certain hour and is known by the name of the *doctor*.

‘ The medium temperature of the air may be said to be 75 degrees of Fahrenheit. During the hottest times it is often as high as 96, and sometimes upwards of 100. In the mountains the author has known it as low as 49.’

In the spring and autumn Jamaica usually experiences two months of rain. The early rains are frequently an impediment to the getting in of the crops. During the prevalence of the spring rains the air is most insufferably sultry.

‘ The extreme heat, joined to a still, unagitated atmosphere, is a presage of the coming deluge. It comes on with astonishing rapidity. The clouds gather in an instant, though the arch of heaven was pure and cloudless but the instant before, and the torrent pours down without giving warning to the negroes who are employed in the fields, to retire from its fury. A terrible peal of thunder usually precedes it, and during its continuance the firmament is rent with these awful sounds, which are sometimes so frightfully loud as to resemble the close report of the heaviest artillery, while the quick and vivid lightning, threatening destruction as it shoots across the sky, is truly terrific. These rains, often for weeks together, set in regularly at the same hour, and continue about the same length of time, viz. two or three hours ; sometimes, however, they will continue whole days and nights, with little or no intermission.’

The author seems to think that where proper precautions are observed, one season of the year is not less favourable to health than another. The mountainous parts of the interior are seldom exposed to the ravages of the yellow fever, and the negroes are said not to be subject to its attacks. The author says that pleurisies are common, but that consumptions are little known. At p. 29—31, we have a correct and striking delineation of a West India hurricane, which our limits will not allow us to extract.

The office of governor of Jamaica is a lucrative situation. He performs at the same time the functions of commander

in chief of the forces, and of chancellor. Lord Effingham is said to have been the most indefatigable chancellor the island had ever known.

‘His decrees gave universal satisfaction, and so prompt were they that, like the great Sir Thomas More, he seldom had many undecided cases on hand.’

The people of this island are said to be very litigious, and the sum which is annually lavished on lawyers, is computed at half a million of money. Each of the parishes has a rector,

‘The stipends are from four to five hundred pounds currency a year, besides the parsonage-house, and a small glebe.’

But the income of the clergy in the populous parishes is said to be greatly increased by fees. The author says that

‘Two doubloons, or 10l. 13s. 4d. currency is the usual *douceur* for a christening, a marriage, or a funeral; and out of church (for in the church they must officiate for what the law allows) some of them would disdain to open a prayer book for a smaller sum than one doubloon, or 5l. 6s. 8d.’

The exports from Jamaica for one year (from September 1801, to September 1802) amounted to

‘129,544 hogsheads, 45,405 tierces, and 2,403 barrels of sugar.
‘45,632 puncheons, 2,073 hogsheads, 473 barrels, and 205 kegs of rum.

‘366 casks of molasses, 2,079 bags and 23 casks of ginger.

‘7,793 bags and 591 casks of pimento; and

‘17,961,923 pounds of coffee.

‘In return for these commodities Jamaica receives from Great Britain almost every article and necessary of life.’

The author says that the want of specie is a very serious evil; and that there are no banks to supply a circulating medium. Hence payments are often made in rum, which thus becomes a sort of circulating medium. Thus a puncheon of rum will sometimes pass

‘Through the hands of fifty possessors in the course of as many days, by orders indorsed over and over again, on the wharfinger at whose wharf it is supposed to lie; when, perhaps, it has never been sent thither, or, if sent, seldom stirs from it all the time it is thus rapidly transferred from hand to hand.

The author adds that short credit and punctual payments are not much in *fashion* among the inhabitants of Jamaica.

The price of labour is very high, and a much smaller portion of work is performed and with less skill by a negro, than an European labourer. Hence all works of any magnitude are attended with a considerable expence.

Only a few wild quadrupeds are found in Jamaica. The wild hog, however, still abounds in the remote woods. Hunting the wild boar, is not so often practised as formerly.

‘The wild boar is hunted with dogs, who keep him at bay while the huntsmen take aim at him with their guns; the dogs durst not approach him he is so fierce and terrible in his attacks; with his monstrous tusks he would soon annihilate them, did they venture to encounter him too closely.’

The planters are said to be great sufferers by the depredations of the rats. From eight to ten hogsheads of sugar out of every hundred are reported to be destroyed by this voracious animal. Innumerable traps are set, and packs of small terriers daily employed in extirpating these insatiable marauders, but though on some estates, no less than fifty thousand are said to be annually destroyed, there is no sensible diminution in the numbers of the enemy. Jamaica presents four or five different species of the snake, of which the principal are the yellow and the black. The author questions whether there be

‘Any of them which are absolutely mortal in their bite, at least any to whose bite there is not an effectual antidote or remedy; little more is necessary as such, to the bite of the West India snake than a fomentation of the part with sweet oil, or warm lime-juice, and extracting the tooth if it has been left in the flesh. Some of the yellow snakes grow to the length of ten feet; the black snake is not above half that size. The yellow snake is a most indolent animal, and will suffer a person to come up close to it, if coiled up and reposing itself, as it is very fond of doing, and even touch it, without making any effort to move; it is only when casually trodden upon and bruised, that it will prove hostile; but even then it will glide hastily off, if the person springs from its entanglement. The author recollects an instance of one of the largest size having got, in the night, through a jealousy into a gentleman’s bed-room, where it crawled upon the bed, and coiling itself on the bed-clothes, fell very contentedly asleep. On awaking in the morning, the gentleman feeling something heavy press upon him, lifted up his head, and was electrified with terror at the sight of a monstrous snake which had been his bed-fellow all the night. His situation may easily be conceived; he durst neither move nor call assistance: at length, the negro servants, finding that he did not come out at the accustomed time, looked through the jealousies

and saw the cause, the musquito-net of the bed happening to be up. They soon got the door opened, and relieved the gentleman from his *purgatory* by killing the snake.

Of the wild pigeon, there are no less than nine different sorts, the largest of which

‘Called the ring-tailed pigeon, is considered as one of the greatest delicacies of the country at a certain season of the year (from October till February) when the wood seeds on which it feeds are ripe, at which time it is covered with fat, and is eagerly sought for by those who are, and those who are not, epicures. Its size is at least a third larger than the domestic pigeon, and so heavy is it with fat in the proper season, that it splits frequently in falling from the lofty trees on which it is shot.’

There are four species of the parrot,

‘The maccaw, the yellow and the black bill, green parrots, and the paraquet. The former is very rare, but the other kinds are prodigiously numerous, sometimes darkening the air in vast flocks, and rending it with their shrill clamours.’

The tribes of wild-fowl, which visit the island, are very numerous, and the surrounding sea and the internal rivers supply great abundance and variety of the finest fish.

The horses, which are bred in the island, are middle-sized, hardy, active, and strong; but the work and drudgery of the plantations are performed by mules, which will undergo twice the fatigue that a horse would endure. The carts and wains are drawn by oxen; and the beef which they yield is commended by the author. The mutton is little inferior to the English; and the pork is superior to the European in sweetness and delicacy.

Two or three of the rivers in the island are infested with alligators, some of which are said to attain to the length of twelve or fifteen feet. But according to the author, this animal is more terrible in appearance than in reality.

‘All the harm which they usually do is the destroying the fish in the river, and now and then catching an unfortunate duck or other domestic animal.’

They are said to retire precipitately from man when he accidentally approaches them in the rivers where they reside. The shark, however, is not so innocuous as the alligator.

‘There are two or three species of this terrible fish in these seas, but the white shark is the most voracious and daring.’—

'Those of the largest size will devour a man at two mouthfulls. Terrified by the apprehension of this monster, there are but few who have the temerity to venture in these seas beyond their depth.'

The author relates the following instance of the voracity of this terror of the deep :

'A poor sailor having, while ashore in Kingston, made a little too free in one of the grog-shops there, took it into his head that he would swim to the ship to which he belonged, though a boat was just at the time going off to it. His shipmates used every argument to dissuade him from the mad attempt, and even used force to get him into the boat ; but all in vain. He jumped into the sea ; but had not proceeded fifty yards, before those in the boat, which was at some distance before, heard him utter a loud shriek and a groan ; they guessed at what had happened, and instantly rowed back to where he was ; on approaching near to him, he uttered a second piercing shriek. He was taken into the boat, but in a most mangled and horrible condition. A shark had taken off one of his limbs at the upper part of the thigh ; and returning again finished the murderous work by tearing out his entrails.'

In the chapter on the vegetable productions of Jamaica, we are told that the cedar grows to an immense size, as some of the trees attain to a circumference of twenty-five and even thirty feet, and to a proportionate height. The cotton tree is of monstrous size, and the trunk is excavated into canoes. In the low country near the coast, there is such a scarcity of wood, that many of the planters are under the necessity of importing coals for the purpose of manufacturing their produce. In order to furnish a supply of fuel, &c. the author recommends the culture of the bamboo, which he thinks would be attended with numerous advantages.

Jamaica supplies a variety of delicious fruits, as the pine, or anana, the orange, the shaddock, the sappadillo, the pomegranate, the granadillo, the musk melon, the neeberry, &c. &c. The bread fruit, at present, abounds in every part of the island ; but the negro is said to prefer the plantain or the yam. There is an excellent law in this island, by which, as a resource against famine or scarcity, which might be occasioned by a hurricane, every planter is obliged to have ten acres of what are called '*ground provisions*,' or esculent roots, for every hundred negroes.

'These roots,' says the author, 'are so productive, that the constant labour of one negro would almost be competent to feed fifty. This may easily be conceived, by considering, that though

a negro and his wife do not work in their ground above one day in eight or nine throughout the year, yet the produce of it, if they are industrious, and the soil and seasons are favourable, will maintain them and a small family of four or five children, besides furnishing a considerable allowance for market.

- How forcibly does this evince the bountiful disposition of Providence! according to whose merciful arrangements, every individual might obtain an easy and comfortable subsistence, and enjoy a life agreeably varied with recreation and with toil, if man were not so oppressive and unjust to his fellow-man. But tyranny and avarice, the lust of power and the lust of wealth, tend to destroy that happy state of things in which the sensitive and intellectual creation would otherwise be placed.

In chapter IX. the author describes the mode of travelling, &c. in Jamaica. He who wishes to perform his journey with the least inconvenience to himself, must rise with the early dawn. About nine o'clock the heat begins to be oppressive. The usual mode of travelling is on horseback; walking is but little practised by the whites, though it is said that the negroes will walk thirty miles a day with ease.

In chapter X. the author says that the

'Annual white births are not more than as one to fifteen of colour.'

What will be the ultimate consequence of this amazing disproportion in the two populations, it is not difficult to divine. There is, indeed, a law in the island, by which not more than two thousand pounds currency can be bequeathed to children of colour; but this is eluded by previous gifts, and other expedients. In this chapter, the author strongly depicts the hardships of those persons, who go by the name of *book-keepers*, who are subordinate to the overseer, and whose business it is to see that the slaves perform their tasks, and particularly to sit up all night in the boiling house during the process of extracting the sugar, and take care that no part of the produce is stolen by the negroes. According to the author's account, the situation of these book-keepers either is, or was, hardly preferable to that of a negro.

We learn, that there is a great dearth of seminaries of education in Jamaica; but the defect might readily be supplied by the liberality of this country, which has a superfluity of pedagogues. Literature is said to be but little cul-

tivated in the island, but there is a circulating library in Kingston, and in one or two other places. We read with pleasure, that hard-drinking is less practised than it used to be; and we hope that the manners of the planters and other inhabitants will gradually become less gross and sensual. Even the abolition of the slave-trade will tend to promote the progress of civilization in the islands, as it must necessitate the exertion of greater humanity towards the existing stock of slaves.

The lives of the greater part of the planters seem to be little more than a constant round of debauchery, which sinks the man below the level of the brute. With respect to religion, though there is very little of the true in any part of the world, yet that little seems here reduced to a very close approximation to *nihil*ity. Even the sabbath, on which the *forms* at least of devotion are practised in the parent state, is said to be distinguished from other days, rather by the intensity of mercantile traffic, than by the observance of any pious ceremonial.

'The stores, or shops, are all open, and the centre of the town, where the markets are held, is a scene of the utmost tumult and bustle; thousands of negroes being assembled to dispose of their merchandize, and various descriptions of buyers necessarily augmenting the crowd.'

The clergy of the island are represented not to be very industrious in their holy callings: and most of the itinerant methodists, who have found their way to this part of the world, have proved rather a nuisance than a benefit. Instead of temperance, chastity, truth, honesty, charity, forgiveness of injuries, and other virtues, these anti-moral teachers have contributed to the increase of nothing but

'*Canting, whining, and psalm-singing.*'

One of the methodist preachers whom the author knew,

'Was a low, ignorant, and avaricious character, who, while he exacted from the poor negroes the fruits of their labour, which he called a *pious offering*, consoled them with the assurance, that the Lord would always provide for them. Many of them took up this in a literal sense, and were surprised, when inattention to their provision-grounds had reduced them to want, that the Lord did not come to their assistance. In short, the negroes who attended this pastor, were reduced to a worse condition than that in which they were found, both with respect to mental happiness, and a true sense of the proper duties of religion and morality. They became, in

consequence of the methodistical cant of this pretended teacher, more hypocritical, more cunning, and cautious in their actions, more regardful of outward appearances, and observances of religion, without improvement in its genuine duties; less cheerful and lively, full of a religious gloom, bordering upon melancholy, and, in many respects less happy, and less attentive either to the affairs of their families, or the interest of their owners.'

But they could *cant, whine, lye, pilfer*, and sing *psalms*, and this is the summary of religion which is propagated by the Methodists either in the West or in the East, either in Jamaica or in Bengal.

The treatment of the negroes is said to be much less cruel and barbarous than that which they formerly experienced; and the abolition of the diabolical African trade, will furnish additional incitements of interest to the planter, to shew the utmost tenderness and humanity to his slaves; for as he cannot import any fresh negroes, it is only kind treatment which can enable him to increase his stock. The author gives the following account of the routine of labour which the negroes undergo.

'They assemble in the fields at day-break; about ten in the forenoon, they are allowed about half an hour to eat their breakfast, which is brought out into the fields by negro cooks; at one, they go to dinner, and in about two hours after, are again assembled in the fields (either by a bell, or, as is most usual, by a conque-shell, which is heard at a very great distance;) and they draw off from work in the twilight of the evening. Once a fortnight, out of crop, they are allowed a day; but, during crop, none can be allowed, as this is too busy a season for any extra allowance of time. At christmas they are allowed three days, and at the end of crop, or harvest-home, one day to make merry. Though the season of crop brings along with it many additional labours, yet it is the gayest and most cheerful throughout the year to the negroes. At this time they seem animated with a livelier flow of spirits; and merriment and song every where resounds; in short, a stranger, with the anticipation of being a witness of nought but depression and misery, would be astonished and delighted with this exterior shew of happiness, both at this time, and at christmas, when they give way to an unrestrained festivity. It is difficult to say, whether the juice of the sugar cane has any effect in elevating their spirits; certain it is, that it has a very evident one in promoting their health. Indeed, so salubrious is this liquor, that not only the negroes, but all the different animals on the estate are fond of, and thrive wonderfully under it. The negroes, are formed into different gangs, according to their age and strength. The two principal gangs are followed

by black drivers, as they are called, who superintend the work under the book-keepers, and carry whips, as instruments of occasional correction, which it is the duty of the book-keeper, in the absence of the overseer, to see they do not unnecessarily or maliciously inflict, and only in a moderate degree.'

The houses of the negroes are in general comfortable: they usually consist of three apartments, and are provided with

'A small table, two or three chairs or stools, a small cupboard, furnished with a few articles of crockery ware, some wooden bowls and calabashes, a water-jar, a wooden mortar for pounding their Indian corn, and various other articles. The beds are seldom more than wooden frames, spread with a mat and blankets. The negro's common food is salt meat, or fish boiled with their vegetables, which they season highly with pepper. Those in better circumstances live in a very comfortable manner; and all of them have it in their power from the abundance of excellent vegetables which the soil yields, to subsist plentifully. They receive from their masters, a weekly allowance of salted herrings; but there are few of them who depend solely on this supply of animal food. They rear abundance of poultry, hogs, goats, &c.; but they are not allowed to keep horses and cattle.'

If this statement be correct, the negroes seem, in respect to the means of subsistence, to be in a situation much preferable to that of the English peasant; but the latter has the sensation of liberty to alleviate his wants, and animate his toils. This difference alone seems to constitute a preponderance of happiness in favour of the peasant over that of the slave. Since the abolition of the slave-trade, the next step ought to be, to devise such judicious regulations as may *gradually, very gradually* abolish slavery itself throughout the islands, and *convert the negroes into free labourers*. However delicate or difficult the process may be by which this is to be effected, still it must sooner or later be attempted, or the negroes will finally assert their own liberty and independence; and force will extort what policy should grant. The present object of the planters ought to be by assiduous culture to *prepare* the minds of the negroes for the boon of liberty. This preparation might be greatly assisted by instructing the youth of both sexes in the duties of MORAL CHRISTIANITY. But we fear that the vicious example of the planters themselves, would operate forcibly in counteracting the wisest precepts which they might instil.

Chapter XXIII. treats of the diseases, &c. to which the

negroes are subject. Among the diseases which this unhappy race seem exclusively to experience, is called the *Guinea-worm*. This is a worm which breeds in the flesh, commonly in the thick part of the leg. In chapter XXIV. we have some account of the Maroons, who waged such a destructive war on the planters in 1795; but of whom not more than five or six hundred are at present remaining in the island. In chapter XXV. we are told that

'A female of colour thinks it more genteel and reputable to be the kept mistress of a white man, if he is in opulent circumstances, and can afford to indulge her taste for finery and parade, than to be united in wedlock with a respectable individual of her own class.'

Hence little short of nine tenths of the females of colour are reported to be in *keeping* by the whites. This is not only pernicious to morals, but tends in an alarming degree to increase the number of the people of colour, who are, at this time, much more numerous than the whites, and who, at present, debarred from some privileges which the whites enjoy, are likely soon to assert their equality with the former, if not to usurp the sovereignty of the island.

The present work contains a great deal of useful and interesting information respecting Jamaica. We have been considerably gratified by the perusal; and more so as the information which it contains instead of being copied from other books, seems to have been principally derived from personal observation. The author appears to be a judicious and impartial man; and it is with pleasure that we bestow on his performance the praise of candour and of truth.

ART. III.—*Satires of Boileau translated; with some Account of that Poet's Life and Writings.* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Baldwin. 1808.

WE will enter into no question as to the demand which may probably exist for a translation of the works of Boileau. Certainly no apology can be required either by ourselves or the public from the author for the attempt he has now communicated to us: On the contrary we feel highly indebted to him for his design of presenting to us in our native language the works of a writer who stands deservedly high in the opinion of all men of letters for the benefits which he

has conferred upon his own. The endeavour appears to us, however, attended with difficulties which, if duly estimated before he began, might perhaps have deterred our translator from entering upon it. Whatever disadvantages attend on the transfusion of local and temporary satire from the language of antiquity into that of the present day, they are redoubled in the attempt to render the contemporary effusions of a foreign idiom by corresponding terms in our own. Perhaps this objection cannot be so well expressed as it is, we believe, readily felt. Perhaps no satisfactory reason can be given for the feeling at all. But, only reverse the order of translation, who can endure the thought of reading Dryden, Pope, or Swift, in a French version? Yet, should an able scholar undertake the task of rendering one of the "Moral Epistles" into Latin, however we may ridicule such an absolute waste of time and labour, there would be nothing repugnant to our feelings in the thought of reading his translation. There is an universality in the ancient languages which renders the interchange between them and our own easy and natural. The reverse of this is true with regard to the modern languages.

It may be said that these remarks, if they have any weight, extend equally to every other species of composition as to satire. But this is not true. The language of passion and feeling is universal. It matters not under what particular form of words or idiom of speech it is represented. Change the form and the idiom, the sentiment will remain unaltered. But in works of the description we are now considering, though it may be affirmed with truth that pictures of vice and folly are universal, that though you laugh at or abuse a fool or knave of Paris,

Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.—

Yet in the application there is always something individual and particular, so particular as to lose by far the most part of its force and poignancy in the transmutation of form. This is so far true (though for the reason above given it is not true to one half or quarter of the extent) with regard to the works of the ancients, that we believe no man would hesitate to prefer the *imitations* of Juvenal given us by Dr. Johnson to the very best *translations* of the same satires selected from the very best of his numerous translators.

On the same principle, it will be said, we must admit that Boileau may be *imitated* or *parodied* successfully at least,

if it be granted as that he cannot be *translated*. But here another inconvenience must occur. By generalizing the satire of Boileau, which is the first step towards an *imitation* of it, you bring us back to Horace, Juvenal, and Persius; for Boileau's satires are for the most part only imitations of the ancient masters, and have nothing original in them but the particular modes in which they are applied. Thus, except in a very few instances, an *imitation* of Boileau would turn out to be nothing more than the shadow of a shade.

Upon this discussion, however, there is no occasion at present to enter, since the work before us is avowedly not an imitation but a version, as close as the genius of the language could possibly allow. We have merely stated what are the difficulties attendant in our opinion upon the attempt, and shall leave our reader to judge whether, or in what degree, those difficulties have been surmounted in the present instance from the specimens which we shall lay before them.

The address to the king (Lewis the fourteenth,) which serves by way of introduction to the satires, may be easily imagined better adapted to the genius of French than of English poetry. The "*Jeune et vaillant Heros*" may kindle thoughts of real sublimity in the breast of a Frenchman; but to an English ear such lines as the following are extremely tame and prosaic, and excite only disgust at the fulsome adulation which they convey.

' *Heroic youth, whose counsels, deeply sage,
Are not the gradual fruit of tardy age;
Who canst, like Jove, sustain the sway alone,
Without a minister to share the throne;
Great prince, if hitherto my humble lays
Have not adventured on a sovereign's praise,
It is not that my heart denies to you
The grateful homage which is justly due;
But in such themes unversed, my trembling muse
Shrinks from the task, and gladly would refuse,
Lest her rash hand should soil the deathless boughs
Which fame has bound upon thy glorious brows.*

"*Une vaine manie*" is not "*a foolish itch*," and these lines which immediately follow are any thing rather than poetical. Even in the *sermo pedestris* of satire, the greatest attention should be paid to preserve the character of verse.

' *Without indulgence of a foolish itch,
Thus to my genius I adapt my pitch,* &c. &c.

A little further on we meet with the following very droll apology for a rhyme.

'I know that, in the crowd who seek thy smile,
Among the Pelletiers we may count *Cornailles*.'—

This, common sense must inform us, is truly execrable. It is in fact a desperate attempt to aim at rhyming in English verse on French proper names. It is what our author does perpetually and, though he is seldom so palpably inharmonious as in the above instance, yet no reader who has the least respect for either language will be able to endure such specimens as these :

'And on this subtle point not even *Desmare*
Could shew more art or learning in the *chair*.'
'And after all, perhaps converts as few
As St. Pol's pathos, or as *Bourdaloue*.'

(Which last, besides being a bad rhyme, is gratuitously foisted in by the translator.—)

It is needless, however, to multiply instances of a particular error. We now proceed to the first satire.

Why is "*Damon, ce grand Auteur*," metamorphosed into the drawer in Henry the fourth by the substitution of the familiar appellation "*Francis*?" It is true we are informed that Boileau's *Damon* was typical of a certain François Casandre; but supposing the information to be perfectly correct, still, if Boileau chose only to shadow him forth under a borrowed appellation, his translator who values himself on the closeness of his version, should clearly have followed him in that respect.

The whole of this satire is a close imitation of the third of Juvenal's : a much more exact one than that of Dr. Johnson in our language. The consequence is that the version before us may as easily pass for a translation of Juvenal, as of Boileau. For example :

'Since in this place, where once the muse was blest
Genius no longer is a welcome guest,
Since Heaven hath here accursed the poet's head,
And merit now has neither board nor bed ;
To some forsaken covert let me creep,
Or rock, unknown to bailiffs, in the deep ;
From all the ills of life take refuge there,
Nor weary Heaven with unavailing prayer.

There while these limbs their healthful power retain,
 And a few threads to Lachesis remain,
 Charter'd by nature freely shall I stray,
 Forget the past, nor fear the coming day.
Let George live here, whose talents for the town
Exchanged a livery for a ducal crown;
 Or he, the pride of some financial board,
 Who spoiled more realms than famine or the sword;
 Whose wide demesnes in alphabetic row
 Might all the elements of language shew.—
 Let such in Paris dwell. But why should I?
 I cannot forge, dissemble, steal, nor lie.
 I cannot truckle for a patron's pay,
 Watch the nice moment to be grave or gay;
 And, grateful for all favours he bestows,
 Humbly accept his dinners and his blows.
 Let others barter praise for gold, and vend
 The sacred title of their country's friend:
I thank my stars that I have long been poor,
Honest, and proud; or, if you will a boor
Who to all things their proper titles gave
Call'd a spade, spade, and Charles Rolet a knave.
 I cannot cater for the wanton heir,
 Nor lure coy beauty in the hidden share;
 Abandon'd and obscure, I sadly roam,
 A lifeless shadow without friend or home.'

The two first lines which we have marked with italics in this quotation are faulty in misrepresenting an historical anecdote. George appears to have been a real personage of the time who was not 'raised from a lacquay to a ducal crown,' but one

Qu'un million comptant par ses fourbes acquis
 De Clere jadis Laquais a fait Comte et Marquis.

There is a great deal of difference between these two statements. The first would be an absurd exaggeration; the latter was only the fact, but a fact quite gross enough to excite the poet's indignation.

His wide demesnes in alphabetic row, &c.

gives us no idea of the jeu d'esprit in the original;

Qui de ses revenus écrits par alphabet
 Peut fournir aisément un Calepin complet.

'Sooner shall frost enchain the babbling fount,
 Than by such arts I shall attempt to mount;

Sooner the hypocrite forget to cant,
The quaker swear or pope turn protestant.

This is pretty well, but it is a parody, not a translation.
The original runs thus,—

On pourra voir la Seinè a la saint Jean glacée,
Arnaud a Charenton devenir Huguenot,
Saint Sorlin Janseniste, et Saint Pavin Bigot.

The worst part of Juvenal's satire is the overcharged caricature of the *perils* of the town, on which he dwells with so much apparent satisfaction. It is, we think, no great proof of Boileau's taste or discrimination, that he has thought this very absurd passage worthy of being made the foundation of a distinct satire, the sixth.

The second is one of his most humorous satires, 'the difficulties of rhyme,' and upon the whole it is very well rendered by his translator, who has, however, mistaken entirely, we think, the character of the canon, who is in Boileau the mere prototype of his illustrious brethren in the Lutrin. It is complete in a single expressive couplet,

Passer tranquillement, sans souci, sans affaire,
La nuit a bien dormir, et la jour a rien faire.

This dignified state of repose is not at all suitable to the jollity into which the translator has inadvertently changed it.

'Like the smooth prebend, how might I incline,
And loiter life in mirth, and song, and wine?'

The third satire, founded on the eighth of the second book of Horace, is done with a great deal of French vivacity, which is clumsily transfused into our language. For instance, what can be more lively than the conversation.

'Moliere avec Tartuffe y doit jouir son role,
Et Lambert, qui plus est, m'a donné sa parole;
C'est tout dire en un mot; et vous le connoissez'—
'Quoi, Lambert? 'Oui, Lambert'—'A demain'—'c'est assez.'

This is not attempted by the translator, who has only (with a most execrable false emphasis on the word *Tartuffe*, and a yet more execrable rhyme at the close,)

Besides we shall have *Tartuffe* from *Moliere*.
Nay more, I have a promise from *Lambert*.

By the way, this translator is often exceedingly defective in his pronunciation both of English and French words, as in the above instance, and also in the following :

‘ All Paris feels with *Rôdrique* for *Chimène*.’

Count thousand ancestors, or travel back,
Through time’s old round, and early words *ransack*.’

‘ Could scarce assemble a more *sélect* set.’

The fifth satire is a very spirited imitation, or parody, of *Juvenal*’s eighth, on the pride of birth ; and this translation has in general done justice to the original.

The seventh is on the same principle with the first of the second book of *Horace* ; but we conceive it to be very inferior to that which *Pope* executed on the same model.

Satire the eighth is the most original, and one of the best that *Boileau* has left. Its object is to expose the pride of human reason, by pointing out the most glaring instances in which the Lord of the creation sinks below the level of the rest of the animal world, which is at least very fair for the purposes of Satire, however extravagant in argument. There are few passages perhaps in the book which place the translation in a more advantageous point of view than the following :

‘ Reason you grant is that serene controul,
That firm disposal of the placid soul,
Which, undismay’d by noise, adjusts her course
In equal paces like a mayor’s state-horse.
Now search around, and tell me if you can
Where it is seen so seldom as in man.
When did the little ant forget her hoard
Of annual barley for the winter board ?
When saddening winds from chill *Arcturus* blow,
And nature sinks in wreaths of bedded snow,
She, lowly cowering in her still alcove,
Enjoys the feast while tempests howl above.
She ne’er was known, by varying humours crost,
In spring to loiter, or to toil in frost ;
In sweeping blasts to leave her shelter’d nest,
Or when soft *Aries* dawns retire to rest.
But man, for ever changing his design,
Forsakes each purpose, wanders from each line ;
Vainly he tries through eddying streams to steer,
He knows not what to wish nor what to fear ;
A thousand times forswears a thousand oaths,
At evening pants, and in the morning loaths.’

On the other hand, we question whether so many instances of gross carelessness (to give it the most gentle appellation) were ever crowded together in so short a space as in the twenty lines following :

' Who shall deny, you ask, his sovereign sway
Over the animals ? Perhaps I may.
But while all question I at present wave,
Whether the surly bear in his dull cave
Flies from the man, or the man from the bear ;
Or if, by *Cyñers* sent to the *Barean* lair
To read the forest law of *Nubia*,
The lions might be ousted *Lybia* (!!!)
I ask this monarch who despotic sways,
How many monarchs he himself obeys ?
Love, hate, ambition, avarice and fear,
Chain him to toils more slavish than the tier.
Sleep just begins to sooth his labouring eyes :
' Bestir,' cries Avarice—' to work—arise,'—
' Ah leave me for one moment yet '—' rouse ! '—' But
' The sun is not yet up, the shops are shut '—
' No matter—wake ! arise ! '—' then say for what ?
To sweep the seas from Lima to Surat ?
Sail to Ceylon for aromattick seeds ?
Or to Japan for beakers and big beads ?'

We entertain upon the whole, a favourable opinion of this translator's power of rhyme, and therefore regret the more that he should have committed himself by such gross and intolerable slovenliness. Such lines as the following should never be allowed to pass muster ; and it makes no difference whether they occur in a satire or heroic poem.

—' A clerk by common law
Snug in the pit, can snarl at *Attila*.'
' Against the *Cid* even *cabinets* league in vain.'
' His master's friend and in the *family* born.'
' His old hat stripped of binding slouch'd, and tore.'
' First she must hurry to a conference
Of sages o'er a microscopic lens.'

The tenth satire, which is by far the longest, being on the inexhaustible subject of *woman*, and the twelfth which is principally pointed against the *Tartuffes* of Lewis the 14th's court, may be distinguished among them all for severity of sarcasm, though they possess less of the lively French humour of Boileau than most of the others. We have no room to make any further extracts from either of them, or the re-

maining pieces. The translator (though we think him unfortunate in his choice of an author) we shall hope to meet again at some future period in a new shape. But we strongly recommend to him the useful practice of counting syllables on his fingers, which, had he followed in his present publication, we should not have had these words laid before us in the form of a perfect verse :

‘ The labour’d, lifeless strings of Voiture.’

ART. IV.—*Notices sur les Généraux Pichegru et Moreau ; par M. Louis Fauche-Borel, Prisonnier au Temple pendant trente-trois mois. A Londres, pour l'Auteur, No. 9, Frith-street, Soho. 8vo. 1807.*

Accounts relative to the Generals Pichegru and Moreau. By M. Louis Fauche-Borel, for thirty-three Months a Prisoner in the Temple.

M. FAUCHE-BOREL, the author of the present work, was born at Neufchatel in Switzerland, but sprung from a noble family in Franche-Comté, which they left at the epoch of the reformation. At the commencement of the revolution, M. Fauche-Borel was proprietor of the principal printing-office in Switzerland; and he tells us that he enjoyed in the bosom of his family a portion of genuine felicity, for which he was indebted to his uninterrupted industry.

M. Fauche-Borel appears from his own narration to have been a very zealous and determined enemy to the French revolution, and to have taken a more active part against it than prudence would have suggested, or perhaps, than even his situation could justify. There seems to be a little too much egotism in some parts of his work; and if we were implicitly to rely on his own account we should take the printer of Neufchatel for one of the most important personages that have appeared on the anti-revolutionary theatre. We are far from thinking that M. Fauche-Borel has intentionally magnified the quantum of his hostility to the revolution, or of his services to the house of Bourbon; but we know what delicious colours self-love is apt to throw over the merits or exertions of individuals; and how much it is wont to swell the magnitude of what he does beyond the reality of truth. We do not assert indeed that this has been the case with M. Fauche-Borel, or that his statements have been at all exaggerated by vanity or discoloured by prejudice but we suggest the probability that this may have

happened even without his own consciousness of the fact; without any actual design to aggrandize or to misrepresent.

The following will shew what a zealous enemy the revolution had in M. Fauche-Borel, and how successful this gentleman thinks that he defended the cause of the anti-revolutionists.

‘I printed and distributed,’ says M. Borel, ‘both in France and Switzerland, a number of works tending to open the eyes of the people to the disastrous projects of the revolutionists. My exertions ameliorated, as I do not hesitate to assert, all the adjacent departments; and I was honoured with the reiterated complaints, and the special persecution of the commissaries of the Convention, I was sensibly affected by the sufferings of the victims of its fury; I made my house their home. I lavished on them every possible assistance, and confided more than 100,000l. to their probity. In a word, by my actions, my language, and the species of writings which issued from my press, I was the enemy of disorder, and the devoted friend to the principles of monarchy.’

The anti-revolutionary celebrity of M. Fauche-Borel seems to have incited the Prince of Condé in 1795 to employ him on a mission of singular delicacy and importance. This was no less than to sound the disposition of General Pichegru, who commanded on the Rhine, with respect to the re-establishment of monarchy. The general was, at this time, watched by four spies under the title of commissaries of the Convention. M. Fauche-Borel was accordingly several weeks before he had an opportunity of speaking to Pichegru, whom, he says, he found vehemently inclined to *establish order and happiness in his country*, - - - which words in the mouth of an emigrant usually means to *restore the Bourbons to the throne*. Surely Pichegru must have possessed as little policy with respect to himself as fidelity to the cause which he had sworn to maintain, if he could open his mind with so little reserve to a stranger, who, if he were known to him at all could be so only as a declared enemy to the new order of things in France. But M. Fauche-Borel informs us, that the republican general entered so fully into his monarchical views that the project which he had formed would have inevitably succeeded if it had not been for the treachery of the Count de Montgaillard, who was his coadjutor. To name the Count de Montgaillard, says the author, ‘is to indicate a traitor;’ but he forgets that his friend Pichegru, whose virtues he so highly extols, merited the same appellation. For whatever may be the cause, he who betrays a trust which he has undertaken to defend, and acts deceitfully towards

those whom he has sworn faithfully to serve, must come under the denomination of traitor; and merit, in a greater or less degree, according to the circumstances of the case, that opprobrium which while the moral sentiments remain as they are will always be affixed to perfidy, insincerity, and hypocrisy. In civil dissensions, let every man embrace that side which his mind and heart most approve; but that cause to which he attaches himself from principle, let him not desert from interest nor fear. Pichegru had chosen his side; he had vowed fidelity to the republic; he had fought its battles, and stood high in the list of those who had caused its triumphs. His morality and his glory were therefore deeply concerned in the preservation of an undeviating constancy. But if Pichegru, uninfluenced by these considerations, could enter into such an unreserved communication with a professed enemy of the republic, as M. Fauche-Borel pretends, he must have been not only a very base, but a very weak man. Whatever may be the cause, a traitor is a traitor still; and we do not believe that mankind in general are inclined to think well of him who violates the point of honour, even among thieves. Montgaillard was a traitor to the Bourbons, and Pichegru to the Convention; and as far as treachery was the characteristic of both, both are despicable.

M. Fauche-Borel tells us, that in order to prepare the way for the consummation of his plot, he had endeavoured to open the eyes of the French army by the distribution of writings adapted to the comprehension of the soldiers. These writings were artfully diffused among the troops, whose officers had been gained over by those means which are employed on such occasions.

But as money is a very essential requisite in conducting political intrigue, as well as commercial speculation, and, as the Prince of Condé had no superfluity of this article, he had recourse to Mr. Wickham, the English envoy in Switzerland, who was invited to furnish money to pay the agents in the plot. M. Fauche-Borel was accordingly dispatched into Switzerland, to make Mr. Wickham acquainted with the *loyalty and disposition of General Pichegru*. Mr. Wickham gave a very gracious reception to M. Fauche-Borel, entered very minutely into the details of the conspiracy, and supplied him with the money necessary for his mission.

M. Fauche-Borel after this fixed his residence at Strasburg, because it was near the head-quarters of General Pichegru, and offered an easy means of communication with the officers of the army of the Rhine. In order to cover his real intentions, he counterfeited a design of setting up a

printing-office in the city, and by way of making a shew of his patriotism, attended the sales of the national buildings, and bid for several; one of which he bought, and sold again at a loss. At this time he was on a footing of particular intimacy with the aids-de-camp of General Pichegru, with the chiefs of the staff, and the commandant of the town; and all the officers of distinguished ability or rank. M. Fauche-Borel informs us that he took advantage of his intimacy with some of the officers to impress them with the enormities of the republic, with the advantages of monarchy, and the necessity of a change. In order to render his intercourse with the officers more habitual and less suspected, he opened a warehouse of boots and shoes, which he sold at low prices, or on credit, and had recourse to many other similar contrivances.

That the intrigues, which M. Fauche-Borel was carrying on, might meet with no interruption, he tells us that he always kept within reach of the head-quarters of the army, and often in the town where they were established. Thus, he says, that he once spent a whole month at Manheim.

‘I was oppressed,’ says he, ‘with inquietude, with fatigues, and with cares; but I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that my labours were not entirely in vain. The opinion of the army was sensibly ameliorated, and its wishes and dispositions became too evident not to be discerned.’

The Jacobins perceived this and caught the alarm. M. Fauche-Borel soon became the object of general suspicion; he thinks that he was betrayed by the Count Montgaillard, whose only object seems to have been to make his perfidy turn to the best account; but, however this may be, M. Fauche-Borel was arrested at Strasburg on the 21st of December, 1795. He was scrupulously searched; his portfolio was taken from him, and he was thrown into prison. M. Fauche-Borel now felt himself in a very uncomfortable situation, but he derived solace in some measure from the idea that at the period of his apprehension his enemies had no proof against him. He had carefully suppressed all the correspondence which could lead to his conviction, with the exception of a letter from the Prince of Condé, which he had received that day. This letter was placed in a concealed part of his port-folio, and if this were discovered, he gave up all for lost.

M. Fauche-Borel, however, who seems to have been a perfect adept in the arts of intrigue, tells us that he had prac-

tised so successfully on the gaoler, that he had fixed him entirely in his interest, and that if he had been condemned to death, he would have favoured his escape and have accompanied him to Neufchatel. After having thus in some measure got the keys of the prison in his possession, he omitted no exertion to induce his judges to acquit him. For this purpose he engaged the first advocate in Strasburg, who was a man of talents and a great republican, to undertake his cause. M. Fauche-Borel convinced this gentleman so entirely of his innocence, and interested him so much in his favour, that he thought his accusers were only aristocrats in disguise.

On the third day after his imprisonment M. Fauche-Borel was reconducted to his lodgings, where the judge ordered his secretary to be opened, and his papers examined in his presence. 'If ever,' says he, 'I experienced the sensation of fear, it was on this occasion.' But fortunately the secret spring of his port-folio was not discovered; and the papers which were examined related to hardly any thing else but commercial speculations. His counsel made a zealous and able defence, and after nine days imprisonment he was acquitted and set at liberty. After this he remained some days at Strasburg, when after having received the final instructions of General Pichegru, he crossed the Rhine on the night of the 17th of January, 1796, and repaired to the head quarters of the Prince de Condé.

'As we were passing,' says he, 'one of the islands in the Rhine, we were saluted with a discharge of musketry from a French post; and one of the boatmen received a contusion in his knee. He was afterwards remunerated by a small pension from the Minister of his Britannic Majesty. I am sometimes induced to believe that as I was sincerely intent on doing good, and charged with a mission by which so much good was to be done, *Heaven interested itself in my preservation.*'

How prone is the human heart to such delusions! and how much does the author on this occasion betray either his vanity or his folly! Whatever might be the end which M. Fauche-Borel was attempting to bring about he was certainly for the most part labouring to effect it by no very moral means. Hypocrisy, perfidy, and every species of falsehood and of fraud were to be employed in the execution. He was to corrupt the probity of one, to purchase the treachery of another; to procure in short, by every means in his power, a sufficient stock of apostacy, perjury, and vice, to

replace the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors. Now we are of opinion that no end, however good or glorious it may seem, can justify the use of such flagitious means; and M. Fauche-Borel, therefore, must excuse us for believing that heaven did not consider him as such a special object of its preservation as he seems to imagine.

It was well for M. Fauche-Borel that he left Strasburg at this nick of time; for if he had staid a day longer he would certainly have been put to death, as fresh information and proofs were received against him from various quarters, and the Directory had sent one of their agents to prosecute the inquiry with redoubled activity.

'Having,' says the author, 'fortunately reached the headquarters of the prince, I did not remain idle there. However great might be the vigilance of the Jacobins, I eluded it every moment. The correspondence which was established on the Rhine was prosecuted with unparalleled activity, and notwithstanding what the *Sieur de Montgaillard* may say in his lies which are entitled *Mémoires, the prince of Conde and General Pichegru perfectly understood each other.*'

The author omits no opportunity of inveighing against Montgaillard, and he generally does it with so much bitterness that it seems to proceed less from public principle than personal malevolence.

When Pichegru quitted the command of the army he retired to Arbois, his native town, where he lived in a state of simple mediocrity, till he was called to take his seat in the legislative body. As the period of electing the *new third* approached, M. Fauche-Borel informs us, that the English minister was applied to for immense sums in order to *organize the secret machinery of the elections*, and according to custom the money was embezzled by the organizers. 'But,' says he, 'what is very singular is, that *the departments which had cost most furnished les députés les plus gangrenés*; the most gangrened deputies;' meaning the least disposed to favour the interest of the Bourbons. This does not strike us as very singular when we recollect what he has just said, that the money which was to be spent in corrupting the constituents, was appropriated by the knaves who were entrusted with the distribution. When men engage in base and dishonest contrivances, they are necessarily obliged to employ unprincipled and nefarious agents, whose object is to cheat their employers, and to enrich themselves. The money which was expended by the English cabinet during

Mr. Pitt's administration, for visionary and counter-revolutionary projects, was greater than is commonly supposed. At least M. Fauche-Borel's book proves, that the gold of England was very liberally conceded to pay the emigrants for their intrigues, and to bribe the unprincipled civil and military officers under the new *regime* of France to betray their trust.

Our author, not discouraged by his hair-breadth escape at Strasburg, went to visit Pichegru in the town of Arbois. 'He was most *favourably disposed*, but convinced that he could do no good by means of the legislative assembly.' There was a strong party against the directory in the council of five hundred; but among them there were some traitors, who made Barras acquainted with what was meditated by the disaffected deputies. M. Fauche-Borel says, that the Directory had laid a plan for the assassination of Pichegru; but he was reserved for a different fate. The measures of the deputies were so ill concerted, and they exerted themselves with so little prudence against their opponents, and the agents of the princes were guilty of so many indiscretions, that the Directory obtained an easy triumph over their enemies, who were transported to Cayenne in South America.

On the morning of the 4th of September, M. Fauche-Borel tells us that he found his name posted up in the corners of the streets as one of the principal conspirators against the French government.

'I was,' says he, 'exposed to the most vigorous pursuit, and denounced to all the departments. I lost no time in quitting my hotel (Hotel du Nord, Rue de la Loi), and took refuge among several of my acquaintance, one after another; but the advertisements which they had seen chilled them with horror, and they implored me not to hazard their safety by remaining with them.'—'At last I found an asylum at the house of M. David M— with whom I had some connection in business. He lived in a large house, where numerous outlets and a spacious garden, offered many facilities of escape.'

This

'M. D. M— was intimately connected with M. B—, secretary to Barras, whom he was in the constant habit of seeing. I took advantage of this circumstance to form an acquaintance with him, and to my great surprise I found that his sentiments and disposition were far from according with the events in which his patron had taken such an active part, and which he had carried with such a high hand. I endeavoured to acquire every possible insight into the character and circumstances of Barras; and after several conversa-

tions, I could discern, that notwithstanding appearances, it was not impossible to induce the director, at a favourable juncture and on certain conditions, to co-operate in the re-establishment of the monarchy.'

By this time our readers need not, we trust, be told by us, that M. Fauche-Borel is a gentleman of very enterprising genius; that he is well versed in the arts of intrigue, and that he is not to be deterred by trifling difficulties, nor dangers from the prosecution of his scheme. It does really seem to us to be so extraordinary as to border on the marvellous, that at the moment in which M. Fauche-Borel is implicated in a conspiracy which threatens his life, when his name is posted up in the streets of Paris as a traitor to the government, when he is obliged to fly from one hiding-place to another, that he should in such a critical period form, and in part execute, a plan for corrupting the principles of his most inveterate enemy, and of bringing him over to favour his views of subverting the republic, of which he (Barras) was then at the head, and of restoring the monarchy which he had helped to destroy, and the restoration of which seemed to be utterly repugnant to his principles and his interest. But these apparent difficulties, though of such gigantic magnitude, could not repress the activity of such an indefatigable *intrigant* as M. Fauche-Borel. He had fixed his mind on drawing the director Barras into his toils; and, if we are to credit his own account, he succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation.

After passing some time concealed in the house of his friend M. David M—, M. Fauche-Borel left Paris with a passport which M— had procured for him under the name of Borellon. By means of stratagem and disguise he eluded the eager pursuit of his enemies, and arrived in safety at Neufchatel. Here M. Fauche-Borel resolved to devote his time to his commercial and domestic concerns, which he had for the space of three years relinquished for the turbulent anxieties of political intrigue. But here he had been but a very short time, when he was pursued by the unrelenting vengeance of the Directory, and obliged again to quit his family and his business. He repaired under a feigned character to Augsburg, cherishing a more profound hatred than ever against the revolutionists, who had lately overrun Switzerland.

M. Fauche-Borel could not avert his thoughts from the hope of gaining over the director Barras to become the instrument of restoring the Bourbons. By letters and other

means he kept exciting the zeal and encouraging the co-operation of his friend M. D. M—, at Paris, by furnishing him with ample proof of the confidence with which he was honoured by Louis XVIII.

‘Before I quitted Hamburg,’ says M. Fauche-Borel, ‘to pass into England, I wrote to D. M—, and urged him warmly to accelerate the measures relative to the plot which we had planned, and to communicate every circumstance which he might have learned respecting it.’

‘The conduct of the Directory, as atrocious as it was absurd, had revolted all sovereigns; the Swiss were driven to desperation, and, if there ever were a period when every thing conspired to favour the success of the *good cause*, it was from the middle of 1798 to the moment when Bonaparte got possession of the government.’

Here M. Fauche Borel emphatically asks,

‘What were the agents of the King then doing in Germany and at London? Were they taking advantage of the propensity which was general among the French of all parties? Was it not certain that between the time when Bonaparte returned from Egypt and that in which he was made First Consul, every thing was prepared for a change, nay more, for a real and sincere return to a monarchical government? A few months before, one of the directors was convinced that it was impossible for him to keep his place amid the detestation of the people; but still he employed that vestige of power, which fear and habit had established in making a preliminary revolution in the directory, and had united himself with associates, who, from the nullity of their characters, could do nothing without his impulsion. It will appear doubtless, very astonishing, that a man who had constantly manifested his zeal for the revolution, who had been familiar with its horrors, and implicated in its enormities, who had in short been one of the murderers of Louis XVI. should have listened to any propositions which tended to the re-establishment of his brother. Nevertheless,’ says M. Fauche-Borel, ‘nothing is more true, and the fact is well known to the present Emperor of the French. Are not his conduct to Barras, to whom he owes his fortune and his elevation, and the exile in which he keeps him, a convincing proof of it?’

Did not M. Fauche-Borel produce *other proofs* than these, we should think them very unsatisfactory. But if we may credit the sequel, M. Fauche-Borel did actually succeed in engaging Barras to attempt the restoration of the Bourbons. Barras, we are told, convinced that his place was no longer tenable, alarmed by the defeat of the French armies in Ger-

many and Italy, and dreading the consequences of a sudden change, had engaged to take some steps towards the restoration of monarchy. The conditions, which Barras proposed, are said to have been 'security and indemnity to himself, and that all those whom he should name, should be included in a sincere and unalterable amnesty which Louis XVIII. should previously grant.' The channel of negotiation between M. Fauche-Borel, the agent of the French princes, and Barras, was through M. David M—, and the secretary of the director. When Pichegru effected his escape with the other deputies from Cayenne, he was made acquainted with the intrigue which M. Fauche-Borel had begun for the restoration of the Bourbons. Pichegru could not readily believe that Barras, who had signed his proscription, was in earnest in any design to restore the old family to the throne. But the author intimates that his doubts vanished during the progress of the negociation.

M. David M— repaired twice to Hamburgh to have an interview with M. Fauche-Borel. M. David M— demanded powers from Louis XVIII. to treat with Barras in quality of his envoy; and he at the same time demanded on the part of Barras letters patent signed by the king, which should give the director every possible assurance that his person and property should be safe, and that he should enjoy the favour of his majesty. The British government is said to have been made acquainted with these proceedings, and to have engaged to furnish all the pecuniary aid which might be wanted on the occasion.

M. Fauche-Borel made a journey to Mittau, and returned with the letters patent, which were demanded by Barras, and with the necessary powers for M. David M—. The author now repaired to Brunswick, in order to concert measures with General Pichegru. From Brunswick he wrote ten letters to M. David M—, to which no answer was returned. This filled him with inquietude; though he afterwards learned that his letters had been intercepted by Barras, who wished to ascertain the accuracy and sincerity of his confident, and whether there were any restrictions or reservations in the correspondence which were not communicated to him. To put an end to the suspense in which he was kept by the silence of M. David M—, M. Fauche-Borel determined to write directly to Barras himself, without the intervention of any third person. In answer to this communication a letter was brought to him from the director by M. J. B. Eyries, a courier of the Prussian minister, who had been the bearer of the letter from Fauche-Borel. It was in Barras's own hand, and was as follows:

'Sir, I received your letter of the 1st Fructidor. Bottot is drinking the waters. I have charged the citizen who brought me your letter, and who is the bearer of this, to confer with you. You may give him your entire confidence. Health and fraternity.

(Signed) 'BARRAS.'

We must confess that it appears to us too extraordinary to merit belief that such a man as Barras, in a question of such moment, and where his own safety and fortune were so materially interested, should repose any confidence in such a person as M. Eyries, who was the courier of a foreign minister; and should choose him as the intermediate agent and confident in such a momentous negotiation as this, supposing it real, must confessedly have been. We do not read that Fauche-Borel had any acquaintance with this M. Eyries, previous to his being the bearer of his letter to the director. But M. Fauche-Borel must be a man either of the most unrivalled sagacity, or the most unparalleled credulity; for he says, '*After a short conversation with M. Eyries, I discovered that he was an honourable man, and of the best principles.*' Now if M. Fauche-Borel *really* made this discovery after interchanging only a few sentences with M. Eyries, he certainly must be regarded as a man transcendantly gifted with the power of reading the heart. We have always thought that a man's principles could be discovered only from a long observance of his conduct, and particularly in a diversity of trying situations. But M. Fauche-Borel, according to his own account, can read a man's mind in his looks, and analyze his moral and political principles at a glance. If M. Fauche-Borel did not possess the sublime faculty of making such sudden discoveries in the interior of the heart, he must have been not less credulous than he seems to represent his friend Barras the director. M. Fauche-Borel afterwards enters into some farther tedious and complicated details respecting his negotiation with Barras. The author suspects that Syeyes, during his residence at Berlin, had come to a knowledge of the transaction through the medium of Count Haugwitz, to whom M. Fauche-Borel tells us that he had communicated it without reserve. This is not improbable, as we know from the Gallery of Prussian Characters, which are reviewed in the Appendix to the Critical Review for the present month, that this Count Haugwitz was wont to disclose the secrets of the cabinet to a Jew named Ephraim, who, like the generality of his brethren, seems to have carried his secrets, as well as his other wares, to the market where they would fetch the highest price.

M. Fauche-Borel thinks that Syeyes was the princi-

pal author of Bonaparte's return to France; through whose influence he intended to frustrate the counter-revolutionary plot of his brother director. But when Bonaparte did return, he triumphed both over Syeyes and Barras, and established his own power by cajoling the one by art and subjugating the other by force. He erected his *fortune*, as Fauche-Borel says, on the basis of a double fraud. If Bonaparte had not arrived at the time he did, it is certain that some change would have taken place in the government; for the directorial tyranny could not go on any longer; but the principal difference would have been that Barras would have been *first consul*, instead of Bonaparte. Had Barras thus been elevated to the supreme power, was it likely that he would have employed it in procuring the restoration of the Bourbons? We think not, though M. Fauche-Borel will undoubtedly be of a different opinion. At a period preceding the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, when the republican arms had experienced such multiplied defeats, and when we might have expected a sudden burst of popular resentment against the directory and of popular sentiment in favour of the Bourbons, Barras might have entered into a negociation with the agent of the French princes for the restoration of the old family; but it is far from being clear to us that he intended to proceed any farther than to secure himself by a shew of zeal in their service in case their restoration should have been necessitated by circumstances.

On the morning of the day in which Bonaparte vanquished the directory and the councils, Madame Tallien, who was in her bath, was surprised by the intrusion of one of her Adonis's who was an aid-de-camp of Barras. She hastens to the Luxemburg where she was wont to be admitted at all hours, but every thing wears a new appearance, and she finds the strictest orders given to prevent all access to the directors. By the help of stratagem and importunity she at last obtains admission. She passes into the apartments of Barras, thinking to give him the first notice of the revolution which put an end to his power. But accustomed to revolutionary vicissitudes, he replies shrugging up his shoulders, '*what is it you want? ce b—— nous a mis tous dedans*,' this —— has shut us all up.'

Bonaparte, who was made first consul, banished Barras to his estate at Gros-Bois, and said ironically; '*Barras doit savoir que je n'aime pas le sang*.' Barras must know that I am not fond of shedding blood. After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire M. Fauche-Borel's correspondence with David M. ceased: and he was obliged to abandon the hope of

completing the work which he had begun ; or, as he would express it of *restoring France to happiness and repose*. Nevertheless M. Fauche-Borel seems to have possessed talents for intrigue which even the peace of Amiens could hardly charm to rest. He thought that much *good might be done* by bringing about a reconciliation between Pichegru and Moreau. The reader will probably recollect the denunciation which Moreau formerly sent to the directory against Pichegru ; but Pichegru was willing to ascribe this to the necessity of circumstances rather than to personal ill-will, and seems to have had no repugnance to a reconciliation with his brother general.—M. Fauche-Borel was chosen to be the bearer of his amicable intentions to Moreau, and though this new mission was not without its dangers, he did not hesitate to undertake the expedition. He left London on the 15th of June 1802, in the short interval of peace between this country and France.

As M. Fauche-Borel had some unpublished MSS. of J. J. Rousseau which had been left him by the late M. Dupeyrou, this served for one of the pretexts of his journey ; and ten days after his arrival at Paris the works were in the press. He tells us that he found Moreau unwilling to take part in any conspiracy, and he seems to confess that he was not at all implicated in that which a short time after proved fatal to Pichegru and furnished Bonaparte with a pretext for getting rid of Moreau. The intrigues of M. Fauche-Borel, however secretly they might have been conducted, did not escape the notice of the police, and he was accordingly arrested on the 1st July, 1802, and sent to the Temple. Here he underwent several examinations. No precise charge was brought against him, but it was thought that ‘ he could not have come from London without being entrusted with some special mission on the part of the English government or of the French princes.’ After being confined for about a year and a half he made his escape ; but he had not recovered his liberty above four and twenty hours when he was apprehended a second time. Every effort was now made to obtain from M. Fauche-Borel some confessions relative to the conspiracy which was on foot, and particularly something which might implicate Moreau ; from the jealous dread of whom Bonaparte was most anxious to be delivered. But M. Fauche-Borel, does not appear, according to his own account, to have betrayed his trust. After this Pichegru had the imprudence to land in France and to proceed to Paris ; he was traced from one retreat to another till he was secured by the vigilance of the police. Pichegru was exposed, ac-

according to M. Fouché-Borel's account, to ten or twelve interrogatories; and he was at last privately strangled, in order to gratify the timid rancour of Bonaparte, who was apprehensive of the consequences of a more public execution. Moreau would also have been put to death, if the dread of the general discontent which it would have excited in France had not, in this instance induced the tyrant to sacrifice his malevolence to his policy. M. Fauché-Borel, though certainly not less guilty than many of those who suffered in the conspiracy of Pichegru, Georges, &c. was yet fortunate enough to procure his liberty, for which he was indebted principally to the urgent solicitations of the Prussian cabinet. M. Fouché-Borel repaired first to Berlin, where he was graciously received by the king; who said that he was well acquainted with his unwearied exertions in the service of the king of France, and who told him that he might rely on his protection. After the battle of Austerlitz he quitted Prussia with the sad *presentiment* that that country would soon experience the fate of Austria; and he came to London, where we believe that he still resides. We have thus given a brief account of the principal details in these notices of M. Fauché-Borel. We are inclined not to place implicit confidence in some parts of the narrative, which have a suspicious appearance, and seem not a little inconsistent; but the whole proves at least that the bookseller of Neufchatel has been an indefatigable *intrigant*, and that the *ex-king* of France has found in him on all occasions a very zealous and active servant. It is likewise clear from this production that the emigrants have been incessantly busy in their counter-revolutionary plots, and that this government has been rather too forward in lending its aid to the malcontents; that hence there has been more reason than has been commonly imagined for the violent clamour which has often been raised in France against the perfidious machinations of the British cabinet, particularly during the administration of Mr. Pitt, when English gold was exuberantly showered upon the continent.

ART. V.—*The Lectures of Boyer upon the Diseases of the Bones; arranged into a Systematic Treatise by A. Richerand, Professor of Anatomy and Philosophy, and principal Surgeon to the Northern Hospital at Paris. Translated by R. Farrel, M.D. 2 Vols. 8vo. Callow. 1807.*

PERHAPS this title may convey an imperfect idea of the

work, to which it is prefixed. Besides the *diseases of bones*, resulting from local or constitutional causes, the consequences of accidents and injuries, and the proper methods of treatment are comprehended in these lectures. They embrace therefore a very important and extensive branch of the art of surgery, and we doubt not that they will be well received by the profession.

The celebrity of the authors, it is properly observed by the translator of it, entitles it to attention. Richerand, the compiler of these lectures, a task undertaken at the request of his friend Boyer, and immediately under his inspection, has not confined himself to the mere duty of collection and arrangement, but has enriched the lectures by many of his own observations. As a work of this description is not readily capable of analysis, and such an attempt, if fully executed, would be suited to a very small class of our readers, we shall content ourselves with a few cursory remarks, and extracts from the parts which may appear new or interesting.

The diseases of bones in general are the same as those of the soft parts, but modified by the peculiar structure and properties of the subject. Bones inflame, slough, mortify, granulate, are absorbed, in short participate of all the diseases and actions of other parts. They seem subject to specific diseases, as cancer, scrofula, scurvy, syphilis, &c. But the diseases of these parts are very slow in their progress. Hence accidents or affections, which in other parts would produce acute diseases, in these put on the appearance of chronic affections. A simple wound, for example, may heal and reunite in two or three days, but a fracture of a bone may require twenty, or forty days, or it may be several months.

‘The circulation,’ says our author, ‘is effected by the presence of inorganised matter, (the phosphate and carbonate of lime) and all the vital properties are thereby rendered more obscure.’

It is better, we think, to say at once that such is the original and essential nature of this substance. In this respect the brain much resembles bone, though there is in the former substance no inorganised matter to which the slowness of action can be ascribed.

The general outline of the work is very shortly sketched in the following paragraphs:

‘The first order of diseases of bones comprehends their fractures,

wounds, exostosis, necrosis, and caries. The ricketty softening of the bones, their friability, and that morbid state known by the name of spina ventosa or osteo-sarcoma.

‘The second order embraces sprains, luxations, dropsy of the articulations, the diseases arising from preternatural substances generated in the articulations, white or lymphatic swellings, and ankylosis.’

The union of parts which have been divided either by disease or by violence, is one of the most beautiful and astonishing processes in nature. Bones by the solidity of their texture have afforded the opportunity of observing the various stages of this admirable provision of the mighty architect and preserver of animated beings. Duhamel considered the external covering of the bones, the periosteum as the organ of ossification. But facts are adverse to this hypothesis: and indeed the simple consideration that a process the very same in kind takes place in similar circumstances in any part of the body whatever is sufficient to refute it. From the blood and the action of the minute arteries are formed and regenerated every part of this wonderful machine, however various in its form, its physical properties, its structure and its functions: muscle, nerve, skin, membrane, cartilage, gland, bone, all are formed from the same vital fluid, by the action of the same series of vessels, each in its appropriate seat. If this phenomenon were not presented every day to our eyes, it would excite the utmost astonishment. We shall insert the concise account of it given in these lectures, not for the sake of surgeons, to whom it is familiar; but of the unprofessional reader who delights in contemplating the presence and agency of Deity in every atom of created nature.

‘When there happens a solution of continuity of the soft parts of our bodies, if the lips of the wound be not brought into immediate contact, the vessels become turgid, the vascular tissue extends forward, and gives rise to those small red conical tumors known by the name of granulations. This augmentation in the calibre of the vessels, and a certain degree of inflammation in the granulations which arise from them, are the means which nature employs to effect the re-union of divided parts. But it is not known, whether or not in this case, the fibres of one side become continuations of those of the other; if the vessels identify in like manner by anastomosing; or if an humour of a certain nature be effused between the divided parts, which it agglutinates together. The only thing certainly known is, that the cicatrix is organised, as has been proved by incontestable experiments.’

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'There is a strict analogy between what takes place in the solution of continuity of soft and osseous parts. The irritation caused by the fracture produces the extension and turgescence of the vessels of the periosteum, of those of the bone itself, and of those of the medullary membrane, and then the only condition necessary to consolidation is that the fractured surfaces be placed in just contact. But this operation of nature, by which an organised substance is produced, is slower in bones than in soft parts, which are furnished with numerous vessels, and in which the vital properties are not impeded, as in bones, by the deposition of a saline inorganised matter. In examining a bone having a consolidated fracture, the place of the consolidation is *marked merely* by a line, and if the bone be split, the medullary canal is found narrowed at that part, and in some cases totally obstructed.'

'The production of granulations on the membrane, which lines the bone, accounts for this narrowing or obstruction of the medullary canal, one or other of which takes place according to the greater or less activity of the vessels of that part. This theory, suggested by the striking analogy between the fleshy and osseous parts, supported by observation of the phenomena of the generation of callus in animals, has this farther advantage over all the others, that it stands uncontroverted by any fact: on the contrary, it is confirmed by all the facts hitherto observed. Thus it offers a very natural and easy explanation of the difference of time required for the formation of callus in youth and old age, by the different proportions of the phosphate of lime which the bones contain at these periods.

'The generation of callus is then an operation perfectly analogous to the cicatrization of wounded soft parts; its being more tardy is owing to the difference in the activity of the vital principle in these, and in bony parts. During a few days immediately subsequent to fracture, the inflammation exists only in the neighbouring soft parts, and the bone seems perfectly inert, but its texture is soon after perceived to soften, in that part, and the fractured surfaces become covered with granulations produced by the enlargement of the blood-vessels. This growth takes place without any secretion of pus, and the consolidation is effected by a process as little understood as that of cicatrization. Instead of pus the enlarged vessels secrete and deposit a calcareous phosphate, which gives a solidity equal to that of the rest of the bone.'

The art of the surgeon, therefore, where the fracture is simple, is confined to placing the bones as nearly as possible in their natural position, and to retaining the broken extremities in proper contact. In some of the bones this is a business of considerable difficulty, and various artifices have been used adapted to the particular situation and relations of the affected parts. The ingenious Desault introduced an apparatus adapted to the fracture of the clavicle. In order to place and retain this bone in its just position, it is necessary

to employ the humerus as a lever of the first species ; its inferior extremity is to be brought forward, inward, and upward ; thus the shoulder will be carried in a direction precisely opposite. Desault's contrivance was intended to place a cushion in the arm-pit to act as a fulcrum to the lever. The arm being brought into the proper position, was retained in it by bandages going round the body. The contrivance answered its end very well, when first applied ; but it was easily deranged, and caused a troublesome friction. In place of this Boyer has invented another apparatus : we have thought we shall do our professional readers a favour by extracting the following description of it :

‘ It consists of a girdle of linen cloth, quilted, and six inches broad, which passes round the trunk on a level with the elbows, it is fixed on by means of three straps, and as many buckles fastened to its extremities. At an equal distance from its extremities are placed externally on each side two buckles ; that is, two anterior and two posterior to the arm. A bracelet of quilted linen cloth, five or six fingers broad, is placed on the lower part of the arm of the side affected, and laced on the outside of the arm ; four straps fixed to this bracelet, that is, two before and two behind, correspond to the buckles on the outside of the girdle already described, and answer the purpose of drawing the lower part of the arm close to the trunk ; the more so, as the straps, by being two before and two behind, prevent the arm from moving either backward or forward. With this apparatus, as well as with the preceding, the cushion must be applied under the arm.’

This description is illustrated by a plate, which it, however, scarcely requires. There are also one or two others, very well executed.

Fractures of the femur have in all times been a reproach to surgery. If the fracture be in the neck of the bone, or if it be oblique in any other part, the great strength of the muscles is perpetually dragging the inferior part of the limb upwards ; the limb thus becomes shortened, and the patient is lame for life. Besides this, the head of the thigh bone participating all the motions of the trunk of the body, though the bone be ever so well set, it is very difficult to retain it in the proper position. These difficulties have been perceived even in the infancy of the art ; but the attempts to overcome them were ineffectual. The bed of Hippocrates, and the Glossocomon of the ancients, engraved in the works of Paré, were too complicated for practical purposes. The method used by Avicenna, and adopted by Petit, Heister, and Dunverney, with slight modifications, were insufficient for the intended object : so that it is candidly acknowledged by

Mr. Benjamin Bell (see his *Surgery*, vol. vii. c. 39, s. 12) that an effectual method of securing oblique fractures in the bones of the extremities, and especially of the thigh bone, is perhaps one of the greatest desiderata in modern surgery.

A machine for this particular purpose was invented by that excellent surgeon Mr. Gooch of Norwich, (not Mr. Hock as is said in these lectures) and improved by Aitkin, which certainly in a measure fulfils its intention. But this apparatus has the disadvantage of acting immediately on the inferior part of the thigh, and on a small surface; nor was there any thing to oppose the falling outward of the foot and knee, nor the inclination of the hip to the same side.*

Desault had a clear idea of the object to be aimed at: he saw that it was essential to effect such a disposition, that the pulvis, thigh, leg, and foot, should constitute but one whole; and under the different motions of the body preserve the same mutual relation. He attempted to obtain and unite these advantages by long splints, two of them passing the whole length of the leg and thigh on each side, and a third is placed on the anterior part, and extends from the abdomen to the knee: bandages were so adjusted that whilst they drew the leg downwards they forced the exterior splint, and, consequently, the pelvis and superior fractured portions of the thigh upwards. This contrivance often succeeded, but it likewise frequently failed; it has some essential defects, which it is not in our power in this place to enumerate. Boyer has contrived an apparatus which is conceived to answer every purpose. We would willingly extract the description of this ingenious instrument, but we fear that without the aid of the accompanying plate it would hardly be intelligible. The inventor has by a happy combination united the advantages of Gooch's and Desault's apparatus, and he seems to have overcome their defects. He uses long splints like Desault, but regulates motion by means of a screw after the manner of Gooch. The apparatus and method is so formed, that the extension is gradual and in the direction of the bone; and none of the muscles which surround the fractured bone are compressed. Professional men will do well to put its merits to the test of experience, which often detects inconveniences, which are either unnoticed or unobserved by an inventor.

The natural diseases of bones offer many curious obser-

* These instruments are delineated in plate LXXN. and LXXXIII. of Benjamin Bell's *Surgery*, 7th ed.

vations. Some are occasionally congenital: the bones of the foetus, while in the womb, have been affected with rickets; in Fourcroy's Journal, may be found the description of the skeleton of a rickety foetus. This disease seems intimately connected with scrofula; the swelling of the mesenteric glands, the colour of the skin, the flaccidity of the muscles, and other symptoms observed in rickets, are common marks of a scrofulous diathesis. We meet with a very good description of the changes produced in the shape of the several bones, which may be all traced to the combined action of the muscles, the weight of the body, and in some cases, the impetus of the circulation. But on the subject of the proximate cause, we have many questions, without one satisfactory answer. It is certainly singular, that though, in rickets, the teeth become loose from the softening of the alveolar processes, the teeth themselves preserve their hardness; but we might ask whether we may not be deceived, by having no accurate measure for determining the different degrees of hardness of these bones. The rules given for the treatment, whether medical or dietetical are sensible, and promise as much relief as can be expected in a disease whose origin is hidden in obscurity. One of them is singular enough; we shall transcribe it, without pretending to give an opinion of the confidence to be placed in it.

‘I am confident that much benefit might be derived in these cases from making the patient laugh heartily every day, by tickling him; in this convulsive motion, the organs contained in the cavities of the thorax and abdomen are agitated and pressed in every direction, and the motion of the fluids in their small vessels is accelerated.’

To the advice with regard to the use of mechanical means for correcting the effects of rickets, we subscribe entirely. We wish it to be duly attended to.

‘It is nearly useless to attempt using any machines with very young children, and it is also impossible to confine them to their back in bed; besides, it would be extremely injurious to keep them confined in this posture: the continued extension of the limbs, and the inactivity of the muscles, would add to the general debility, and consequently increase the disease. Splints then, applied to the limbs, strong leather boots, and the apparatus for the spine, are really useful only in cases in which the patient is of a certain age, and when the progress of the disease is gradual, and the strength not too much exhausted; and even in most of these cases, the inae-

tivity necessarily occasioned by these machines is productive of disadvantages, which are not compensated by their good effects. Apparatus of this kind are fitter for correcting vicious attitudes contracted by healthy children, than deformity arising from rickets.'

The great hazard of wounds of the articulations has been insisted upon by all the ancient writers; and the same terror pervades the writings of most modern authors. In these lectures we find a less formidable view of the subject: though it is not denied that they are often attended with serious consequences, yet they have often been found to heal with great facility. As this is a point of considerable practical importance, we will extract a few of the examples by which it is proved.

'A man was wounded in the elbow by a piece of glass, which penetrated into the cavity of the joint. The glass was extracted, and the lips of the wound were brought together, and supported by adhesive plaster; his recovery was quick, and not interrupted by any unfavourable circumstance.

'Another man was wounded by a small sword in the same joint; he was carried to the hospital *de la Charité*. On examining the wound it was found that the capsule of the joint was opened. This wound healed like the most simple puncture.'

The same good fortune has attended some, where the external air had evidently been freely admitted:

'A *Massacreur* of the second of September, who seized by the hair a prisoner of the *Abbaye Saint Germain*, received on his wrist the blow levelled at the head of the victim. The posterior part of the articulation was entirely opened, and the convexity formed by the scaphoides, semilunaris, and piramidalis, abandoned the ends of the bones of the fore-arm. He was admitted into the hospital *de la Charité*; the lips of the wound were immediately brought together; the hand was kept much extended by means of a splint; the skin, tendons of the extensor muscles, and the capsules, all healed by the first intention, and, at the end of twelve days, he was discharged, quite cured.

'A boy employed in the kitchen of the hospital *de la Charité*, had the articulation of his wrist opened by a piece of a vessel of delf ware; the lips of the wound were brought together, and the patient recovered in a very few days.'

At the same time it is not denied that dreadful consequences have ensued from the wounds of joints. Sometimes this has happened from that unfortunate meddling spirit, which has so much infected the half informed, who, instead of

confiding in the powers of nature, seem to delight in counteracting her wise and beneficent intentions. Such has been the effect of introducing dressings within the joint. A man had received a wound from a sabre; which opened the articulation of the wrist; one of the monks, who directed at that time the hospital de la Charité, filled the wound with charpie; an enormous swelling took place, gangrene supervened, and the patient died. If the wound suppurates the danger is as great; the cartilages exfoliate, the ends of the bones become carious. If, therefore, the cartilages, or ends of the bones have been wounded, much danger may be apprehended. We meet with some striking examples in the work before us of this species of danger. It is clear then that the prognosis in such cases must be doubtful. Indiscriminate apprehensions of the worst event are ill-founded. If the wound be small, superficial, simple, without contusion; if no vessel or principal nerve be wounded, and if the joint has not been exposed to the ambient air for any considerable time, we may be allowed to hope for a favourable termination.

In the treatment of white-swelling we have no consolation held out but the wretched one of final amputation. The application of acrid substances to the surface of the knee is mentioned as an experiment rather to be guarded against than to be encouraged: though a history is on record of so distant a date as that of Fabricius of Aquapendente, in which such an application effected a complete cure. This patient had certainly great good fortune; but we cannot conceive that much danger need be apprehended from imitating such a practice. The addition of a superficial inflammation even to a carious joint, could not very much aggravate the sufferings or the hazard of the patient; and though it did, if amputation must be the ultimate resort, it can be of little moment should it be found right to perform it a little sooner than would otherwise have been necessary. With the effects of making and keeping up a discharge from the vicinity of the diseased parts, these writers do not seem acquainted. They think that Mr. Benjamin Bell defers the operation too long. This must be owing probably to difficulty of giving precise rules. The proposal, which seems to have originated with the English surgeons, and in a few instances to be practised by them, is duly considered: we mean the operation of cutting off only the carious extremities of a diseased joint. We must confess that this operation seems to us more terrific than amputation itself; and as it is only adapted to cases where the affection

is confined to the ends of the bones, and extends but little to the soft parts, it will not be easy to prove that it would not have been better for the patient to have had a chance of a natural cure from ankylosis. 'Since this period,' it is said, 'many English surgeons say they have performed it.' Is this a sly way of declaring their own incredulity?

We shall conclude our account of these lectures with another short extract, which will give some very simple but useful information to parents, nurses, or others, who have the charge of young children. Weakly children are subject to two species of deformity of the lower limbs. The legs either become bowed, or the knees are turned inwards, in which case the feet are necessarily turned outwards. These opposite deformities require an opposite mode of treatment.

'When a child from having been put to walk too soon, or from any other cause, shall be inkneed or bowlegged, nothing is to be done in the first case but to have the internal edge of the sole of the shoe made somewhat thicker; and in the second the external side. The constant adduction and abduction of the foot, if this simple precaution be attended to, influences in time the knee, and insensibly makes it straight. This treatment will certainly be successful, if the child be young; (it ought to have been added, *and not out of health*) his bones, flexible at this time, will yield easily to the force used to straighten them.'

Not the least useful part of this work is a very minute and copious index. We have no objection to the mode in which the translator has executed his task, except that here and there we are offended by a Gallicism;—the very worst fault of all translations, since it gradually corrupts the purity of our tongue. Dr. Farrel has also introduced a note or two of his own; but they are very unimportant.

ART. VI.—*An authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André, Adjutant-General of his Majesty's Forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. Counsellor at Law, late Member of the Convention of the State of New York. To which is added, a Monody on the Death of Major André, by Miss Seward.* 8vo. 8s. Matthews and Leigh.

THIS narrative commences with the following extract from the Political Magazine for 1781.

“When Major André went to consult with General Arnold, he was carried to the house of a Mr. Smith, brother to the Smith lately appointed chief justice of New York, by General Robertson, and also brother to a Dr. Smith, who lately lived in Downing-street, Westminster, and who is said to have gone off the morning that the soldiers fired on the rioters, and whose negro woman was hanged for being concerned in the burnings. While Major André was communicating with General Arnold, he lived at the house of Smith, and wore Smith's clothes, and when he set out from Washington's camp, Smith attended him till within about twelve miles of Knightsbridge, where André told him he knew his way perfectly well. Just after Smith left him, he was taken, and at that very time, he had on Smith's clothes. Washington has tried Smith for being concerned in what they call Arnold's conspiracy; but the trial has turned out a mere farce; for Smith has not suffered any punishment. The people at New York therefore believe, that Smith betrayed André to the rebels, and are of opinion that he never can clear up his character any where but at the gallows.”

This statement Mr. Smith calls an unfounded calumny; and the object of his work seems designed as much to vindicate his own character from the charge of treachery, as to exhibit a correct account of the circumstances which led to the capture and death of the accomplished and unfortunate Major André. We cannot compliment the author on the perspicuity of his narrative; and it is with some difficulty that we have been able to trace the thread of the principal facts through the maze of his subordinate details. In 1779, General Arnold was appointed to the command of the important post of West Point on the Hudson's river in the province of New York. At this period General A. was a frequent visitor at Mr. Smith's house, about eighteen miles below West Point called Stony Point, which was the usual rout of communication between the eastern and southern states. Early in September, 1780, Mr. Smith informs us, that from the elevated site of his residence, which commanded an extensive view of the river, he observed frequent flags of truce passing and repassing; and on asking the cause, Arnold informed him, that they were designed to arrange the preliminaries of an accommodation between Great Britain and America. After this, Arnold, according to the confession of Mr. Smith, became more communicative, expressed his detestation of the *French alliance* with the colonies, and his dissatisfaction with congress; and we think that it would not have required much sagacity in Mr. Smith to have discovered that Arnold was meditating that desertion which he soon after contrived to execute. Mr.

Smith, however, professes a perfect ignorance of the general's treacherous intentions. But if Mr. Smith were not an actual accomplice of Arnold, he appears to have been a very officious and credulous dupe. At the request of Arnold, Mr. Smith undertakes to convey a flag of truce from his house at Stony Point, to a British sloop of war which was lying in Haverstraw bay, on the eastern bank of the Hudson. The professed object of this mission was to bring a Colonel Beverly Robinson, an American loyalist, to an interview with the general in order to explain some pacific propositions with which he was entrusted. But the manner in which this transaction was conducted must naturally have excited suspicion in any breast. The boat in which Mr. Smith was to be sent to the sloop, was not to take its departure till night; at the special request of Arnold it was to be manned by Mr. Smith's own tenants who *had been used to the water*; and the *oars were to be muffled*, in order more effectually to elude the water-patrols of the republicans, whose object was to prevent all communication between the disaffected Americans and the British ships. When Mr. Smith arrived at the sloop, Colonel Beverly Robinson, who was to have returned with him on shore, pleaded indisposition, and dispatched in his stead a Mr. Anderson, for whom General Arnold in his letters to Colonel Robinson had sent a pass. This Mr. Anderson proved to be Major André in disguise. Mr. Smith proceeded with this gentleman in a boat to the western shore of the river to a spot called the Long-Cleve, which Arnold had appointed for the interview, and when they arrived, they found the general *hid among firs*.—This and other circumstances were surely sufficient to have awakened the suspicions of Mr. Smith, if he had been sincerely attached to the cause of American liberty, and to have convinced him that Arnold, instead of being honestly engaged in a pacific negotiation, was clandestinely carrying on a treasonable correspondence. On meeting, a long conference ensued between Mr. Anderson (Major André) and Arnold; at which Mr. Smith says, that he was not suffered to be present. In the evening, Arnold came to the house of Mr. Smith, and proposed that he should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture sloop of war. This, Mr. Smith was at that time unable to do owing to an attack of the ague which he then experienced. But Arnold requested Mr. Smith, on his recovery, to accompany Mr. Anderson part of the way back by land to New York, and at the same time requested him to accommodate Mr. Anderson with one of his coats instead of the British

uniform which he had on ; and with which he could not travel in safety. To this Mr. Smith consented ; and the general took his leave. Mr. *Anderson* appeared much dejected when alone with Mr. Smith ; who tells us that the unfortunate youth ' cast an anxious look towards the Vulture (which was at anchor in the opposite bay) and with a heavy sigh wished he was aboard.' Arnold had furnished him with a passport to New York ; for which place he set out in company with Mr. Smith. Mr. *Anderson* betrayed evident signs of anxiety and agitation on the way. Mr. Smith says,

' We slept in the same bed ; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night ; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance, when summoned to mount his horse.'

' We rode,' says Mr. Smith, ' very cheerfully towards Pine's bridge, without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension : here I proposed to leave my companion ; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable ; in short, I found him highly entertaining ; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government, (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces). He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres : music, painting, and poetry, seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the flowery colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on the part of the Americans with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant ; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field-contest, between as many British in number, as those under the command of Count Rochambeau, at Rhode island, whose effective force he seemed clearly to understand ; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds, from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw bay.

The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that we at length found ourselves at the bridge before I thought we had got half the way ; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him.'

Mr. Smith left his fellow-traveller at Pine's bridge, to pursue his route alone.

'He was,' says the author, 'afflicted at parting, and offered me a valuable gold watch, as a keepsake, which I refused.'

Major André had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New York militia, who were on a scouting party between the out-posts of the two armies. Instead of immediately producing his pass, which would probably have caused them to let him proceed without further molestation, the major

'Asked where they belonged to. They answered *to below*. Not suspecting deception, he replied ; *So do I* ; and declaring himself a British officer intreated that he might not be detained, being on pressing business.'

Finding his mistake, he endeavoured to bribe them to compliance by the proffer of his watch ;—upon this they commenced a search on his person, and found his papers lodged in his boots ; the coat which he had borrowed of Mr. Smith, which was crimson with vellum button holes, and Prussian binding, aggravated the suspiciousness of his appearance ; and they conducted the unfortunate prisoner to lieutenant colonel Jamison who was stationed in the neighbourhood.

'When Major André was brought before him, he passed under the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jamison granted.'

This gave Arnold an opportunity of making his escape, which he had however hardly time to effect, before colonel Hamilton arrived with orders for his arrest. The papers which were found in the pocket-book of Major André

'Were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the

works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of the state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war by the commander in chief.

Thus far the unfortunate André was implicated in the treachery of Arnold; and the name which he feigned and the disguise which he assumed, concurred to strengthen the impression that he was a spy sent by the British to abet the base designs of the American commander. But we do not think that André himself, in the perilous office which he undertook, was actuated by any other impulse than a sense of duty; and when we consider the disgrace which is inseparable from the character of a spy, we lament that a young man of Major André's generous feelings and honourable mind should have hazarded his life in such an inglorious enterprize.

Had not the treachery of Arnold been defeated by the capture of Major André, the consequence would probably have been the ruin of the republican cause in America.

'On the loss of West Point, the troops under Washington would have been exposed, with the remainder of his army, to the united attack of the royal forces by land and water, and general ruin to the American cause must have been the result, as Washington would have been taken with the garrison, a circumstance which appears from his letter to a friend on that occasion, couched in the following terms:—"How far Arnold meant to involve me in the catastrophe of this place, does not appear by any indubitable evidence, and I am rather inclined to think he did not wish to hazard the more important object, by attempting to combine two events, the lesser of which might have marred the greater.'

He goes on to say

'A combination of extraordinary circumstances, an unaccountable depravation of mind in a man of the first abilities, and the virtue of the three militia men threw the adjutant-general of the British forces (with full proof of Arnold's intention) into our hands; but for the egregious folly and bewildered conception of Lieutenant-Colonel Jamison, who seemed lost in astonishment, and not to have known what he was doing, I should have gotten Arnold.'

We cannot too highly commend the frankness and magnanimity which Major André displayed in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. He did not palliate any thing relating to himself; but he scrupulously concealed whatever might criminate others. A court martial was summoned to sit on the affair; and they adjudged that

Major John André ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and to suffer death according to the law and usage of nations. No exertions were left untried by the British interest to prevent the execution of the sentence ; but these were frustrated principally by the artifices of General Green, the president of the court, who is said to have entertained the most inveterate animosity towards Arnold, and who concealed from Washington some of the propositions which were made by the English in order to save the life of the unfortunate captive. When Major André found that no hope was left, he wrote the following letter to General Washington.

' Sir,

' Tappan, Oct. 1st. 1780.

' Buoyed above the terror of death, by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.

' Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency, and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

' Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.

I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's most obedient

And most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRÉ.

Adjutant-general to the British army.'

On the morning of the 2d of October this interesting young man was led out to the place of execution. The complacency of his countenance shewed the unaffected dignity of his character and the heroic composure of his mind. The glow of commiserating admiration pervaded the ranks of the American army, and hardly an eye was left without tears.

' When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped as if absorbed in reflection ; then quickly turning to the officer next to him, he said, " What! must I die in this manner ?" Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, " I am

reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode; it will be, but a momentary pang!"

In a letter which Washington wrote to a friend soon after the Major's execution, he says,

'André has met his fate, and with that fortitude which was expected from an accomplished man and a gallant officer; but I am mistaken if Arnold is not undergoing at this moment the torments of a mortal hell.'

Bushrod Washington says of André, that

'possessed of a fine person and an excellent understanding, he united the polish of a court, and the refinements given by education, to the heroism of a soldier.'

Colonel Hamilton, who was aid-de-camp to General Washington, and who was afterwards killed in a duel with Colonel Burr, bestows this eulogy on André :

'To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. His knowledge appeared without ostentation; his sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem as they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite, and insinuating.'

But the most beautiful tribute of esteem that was ever offered to the worth and the genius of Major André is from the pen of Miss Seward, whose animated monody is printed at the end of the volume, and is by far the most elegant portion of the contents. The sweet strains of genuine poetry with which the Muse of Litchfield has so often gratified the public ear, are too well known and too much admired to need our praise. But some parts of this monody on Major André are so highly poetical and so much superior to most of the modern verse which we are condemned to read, that we cannot resist the pleasure of enriching this article with two or three quotations. The opening is finely conceived and highly finished;

'Loud howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
Thy genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
And groans of Anguish, mid the shrieks of War!
Hears the deep curses of the great and brave
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave!

O'er his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
 And throws his *victor-garland to the winds;
 Bids haggard Winter, in her drear sojourn,
 Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn;
 With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
 And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's shrine.
 Bid steel-clad Valour chase his dove-like Pride,
 Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side;
 Where long she sat, and check'd the ardent rein,
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er the embattled plain;
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
 Rais'd her white arm, and stay'd th' uplifted spear;
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,
 And glut with gore th' insatiate dogs of War!—
 With one pale hand the †bloody scroll he rears,
 And bids his nation blot it with her tears;
 And one, extended o'er th' Atlantic wave,
 Points to his ANDRÉ's ignominious grave.'

The following eulogy on the moral and intellectual excellence of Major André, leaves all his panegyrists in the shade :

* * * * *

• How gaily shone on thy bright morn of youth
 The star of Pleasure, and the sun of Truth?
 Full from their source descended on thy mind
 Each generous virtue, and each taste refin'd
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,
 Bade thee ask ‡all his gifts, nor ask in vain;
 Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest
 Of pointed wit, that diamond of the breast;
 Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay;
 And hence thy pencil, and his colours warm,
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm,
 Whose transient glories beam on Beauty's cheek,
 And bid thy glowing ivory breathe and speak.
 Blest pencil! by kind Fate ordained to save,
 HONORA's semblance from || her early grave,

* *Victor-garland*.—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

† *Bloody-scroll*.—The court-martial decree, signed at Tappan for Major André's execution.

‡ *All his gifts*.—Mr. André had conspicuous talents for poetry, music, and painting.

§ *Early grave*.—Miss Honora S—, to whom Mr. André's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consumption a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr. André had been dissolved by parental authority.

OH! while on * JULIA's arm it sweetly smiles,
And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
Fondly she weeps the hand, which form'd the spell,
Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell!

In the following animated lines we discern the warmth of that friendship, the ardour of that benevolence, and the regrets of that sensibility which have from the earliest youth to the present day been enshrined in the mind and heart of the amiable author of this animated monody:

' Dear lost companion ! ever constant youth !
That Fate had smil'd propitious on thy Truth !
Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow
Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow !
Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
And Hymen strew'd thy palm with all his flowers ;
Drawn to thy roof by Friendship's silver cord,
Each social Joy had brighten'd at thy board ;
Science, and soft Affection's blended rays
Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days ;
From hour to hour thy taste, with conscious pride,
Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely bride ;
Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
Thy fair HONORA's least engaging grace.
Dear lost HONORA ! o'er thy early bier
Sorrowing the Muse still sheds her sacred tear !
The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
By zephyrs fann'd, by glist'ring dew-drops fed,
In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.
Oh ! when such pairs their kindred spirit find,
When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,
Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
And Fate's dark billow rises o'er the wreck.'

Few lovers were ever more constant than the unfortunate and ill-requited Andrè. The consecrated preference of his heart for Honora was extinguished only with his life. On his first arrival in America Major Andrè was taken prisoner by the enemy, and stripped of every thing except the picture of Honora, which he concealed in his mouth : ' Preserving that,' said he, ' I yet think myself fortunate.'

The letters from Major Andrè to Miss Seward, which

* *Julia's arm.*—Mr. Andrè drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S., on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the year 1769, one for himself, the other for the author of this poem.

are printed at the end of her monody, evince great sprightliness, sensibility, and elegance.

We have not noticed the account which Mr. Smith has given of his own arrest, captivity, sufferings, and escape, which enter very largely into the ingredients of his narrative. A portrait of Major André is prefixed to the volume; but as we never saw the original we cannot pretend to appreciate the resemblance.

ART. VII.—*Mathematics simplified, and practically illustrated by the Adaptation of the principal Problems to the ordinary Purposes of Life; and by a progressive Arrangement applied to the most familiar Objects, in the plainest Terms; together with a complete Essay on the Art of surveying Lands, &c. &c. By Captain Thomas Williamson, Author of the Wild Sports of India. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

THE author professes his book to be designed for two classes of readers; the one, mechanics, to whom a practical knowledge of the mathematics would be serviceable in their occupations, and the other 'such as mean to follow up the study to its fountain-head.' That this book can be serviceable to mechanics, or more serviceable than other previous publications, we are not inclined to think: but for the use of such as mean to proceed in the study of mathematics, we are decidedly of opinion that it is calculated to retard, if not prevent, their future progress.

The first part consists of the constructions of the principal problems in geometry, and two or three of the theorems, with remarks (which the author terms applications) annexed to each; the second part treats of land-surveying (in which he shews the description and use of a new instrument *invented by himself*!), and also of draining, levelling, and planning. From this summary of the contents it will appear that, whether from the contempt in which (for reasons best known to himself), he holds mathematicians, he is resolved not to use words in the same sense as they do, or from some other cause which we venture not to suggest, Captain Williamson does not use the term mathematics to express that comprehensive circle of sciences usually understood by the term, but merely the practical part of geometry.

He sets out in bold contempt of mathematical usage, and in defiance of logical precision, by defining a point, not as

void of parts, but as consisting of *small dimensions*. He seeks to justify this deviation from admitted practice by charging the established definition with being 'too vague for the un-instructed, and contrary to the conviction of *the proficient*.' Here then we find an author complaining of the vagueness of one definition, when he substitutes another, than which nothing can be more vague. What '*proficient*' the author has been in the habit of consulting, to whose conviction the definition is contrary (the phrase is the author's) it would be some satisfaction to know. That the definition in present use is just, we believe that no man knowing any thing of the subject, and possessing moderately clear conceptions, can doubt.

The definitions are given in a stile so indefinite, that a tyro, we think, would be able to give them better at an extemporaneous examination. For instance :

'A rhomboid differs from a rhombus in having its opposite sides and its opposite angles equal;' 'a circle is formed by a line which ultimately, *by its uniform inclination to a circular course*, comes round to the same point;' 'two lines drawn from the centre of a circle are called an angle.'

If they could hear the redoubtable captain thus parade, Archimedes and Euclid might repose in peace, but Hawney and Ewing; if they were alive, would perhaps prick up their ears.

Of a square he says,

'It is that figure which has four equal sides, and of which all the four corners are right angles; hence the opposite sides must inevitably be parallel, and each side must be perpendicular to its neighbours.'

Upon this definition we must be allowed to make two remarks, which will apply to numerous passages where the same want of judgment is discernible. First, then, the calling angles corners, is childish, because any man who could not understand the term angle, when it had been clearly defined, (which here, by the bye, it is not) could not be expected to understand the following part of the book. And, secondly, it is injudicious to draw inferences which the reader could not deduce from what has gone before; and it is still worse to clothe those inferences in such language as implies that he ought to be able to deduce them: we deprecate the result to the student; if he is industrious, it will be that he wastes his time and labour in the vain endeavour of seeking

for the reasons of those inferences, and becomes disgusted at once with the study, as he is discouraged by believing himself incapable of comprehending what he is expected to comprehend by the author. Several definitions in this book also vary, not only from other authors, but from the meaning afterwards applied to them by Captain W. ; this observation particularly applies to segments of circles, isosceles triangles, parallelograms, &c.

After the definitions follow the geometrical problems, of which our limits will allow us to observe only, that the constructions of the greater part are, as indeed they ought to be, merely compiled ; and those which are not compiled are the very worst we ever met with. They are ill-arranged, they want order and method, and what the captain terms the applications might, in many cases, be transferred from one problem to another, with equal propriety : no information of any value is to be found in them. In this part of the work several theorems are inserted (which the author calls problems) not demonstrated, but explained : to the 47th of Euclid, however, (which he assures us, with as much pomp as ignorance, is 'designated the *pons asinorum*,) he has annexed Euclid's demonstration, which he, no doubt, supposes may be understood by intuition, for on what other principle the reader of an elementary treatise can be supposed to understand the demonstration, without knowing the propositions on which it is founded, we cannot conjecture.

The remaining part of the book treats chiefly of land-surveying, in which there is nothing new but the rejection of the Theodolite and the Gunter's chain, and the substitution of an instrument of the writer's own invention, which he calls 'the standard triangle,' for the one, and a cord of one hundred feet for the other. He has no other complaint against the Theodolite than its cost ; if any thing deserves to be transcribed because it is pre-eminently ridiculous, his reason for rejecting the chain has great pretensions to be presented to our readers :

' My objection arises from the fraction in every link, which though not the least difficulty to a proficient, certainly presents an impediment to the novice, and makes the work rather prolix.—The inventor would, perhaps, have derived considerable satisfaction, (though I felt chagrin and regret,) could he have heard a young man of no despicable understanding, and some education, say, in answer to my question, *whether he understood surveying?* ' Oh, no, Sir, that is more than ever I shall be master of ; for I do not understand Gunter's scale (chain) and Mr. C— says I never can do without it.' page 191.

We have the author's word for it, and we do not see reason to doubt this young man's existence; but although the author has complimented, in print, the young man on his education, and understanding, we earnestly advise him not to be vain upon the strength of these eulogies, since we can assure him that no mathematician will, from this anecdote, admire his intellects nor their improvement: for what must we think of a man, studying mensuration, who *cannot* understand fractions? The very intent of Gunter's chain was to avoid fractions in the reduction of land measures into acres (which is the general design of surveying); and Captain W. may be convinced by turning to the pages of his own book, for we do believe he knows what a fraction is, that his measure of one hundred feet gives a greater number of fractions, and those more difficult than the chain gives. Of his standard triangle (the invention of which no man will dispute with him) it would not be easy to describe the construction and use, without diagrams. It is, however, a paltry instrument, and his mode of taking the sights the most clumsy, and liable to the grossest inaccuracies of any mode we have ever seen, or heard of. He seems to have forgotten that any instrument may be made cheaply, if it consists of inferior materials, and is constructed in a slovenly manner: the surveyor might graduate a Theodolite for himself more easily than one of these triangles; it is the precautions taken to secure accuracy that make the Theodolite, and other instruments expensive. Further, the plummet which he uses as a level, is known to be liable to great objections in practice.

It would be a tedious, as well as an ungrateful task, to point out the vagueness, inaccuracies, and improprieties of the language in '*Mathematics simplified.*' Captain W. does not appear to be in the least sensible of the scrupulous and necessary attention which mathematicians pay to precision of phrase. But these defects of language, however highly to be censured in an elementary book, yet are of less importance than actual errors in fact and principle, which, either through carelessness, or ignorance, he has fallen into; he asserts page 10,

'There cannot be any crooked line whose parts are not parts of circles.'

Page 47 he calls a geometrical, an arithmetical mean proportional: page 108 he gives a general rule for measuring solids, which will be correct for no other solid than a parallelepipedon, and at page 110 he declares similar plane

figures to be to each other as their sides, instead of the squares of their sides.

The plates have by no means so much merit as those in the author's previous and splendid publication, 'The wild Sports of India:' on the contrary, they are executed in a very wretched and confused manner, and there is a long list of *errata*, with respect to the plates which reflects little credit on the artist.

ART. VIII.—*A Standard of the English Constitution, with a retrospective View of historical Occurrences, before and after the Revolution. Inscribed (with permission) to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. By James Ferris, Author of 'Strictures on the Union with Ireland.'* 8vo. 6s. Chapple. 1807.

WITH a noble confidence in the powers of his own mind, though at the same time 'with the greatest deference and respect,' Mr. Ferris, after declaring his conviction that his royal highness the Duke of Kent, 'possesses every requisite that should adorn a mind expanded by general information and critical research,' proceeds to announce that 'therefore he can with safety approach an exalted personage of acknowledged talents, whose name gives lustre to every branch of literature.' [P. iv.] We should be sorry to encounter the degrading opinion which the author must necessarily feel for every one, who received his labors with less indulgence than he expects from the illustrious critic, to whom they are dedicated. His general remarks, called the introduction, are written with a manly spirit, though not in a very pure style; and his hints about unnecessary bloodshed, and encroachments on established constitutions by the overweening ambition of monarchs, are worthy of serious consideration. His historical views are little more than rhapsodical panegyrics on our frame of government. 'Happy island! whose laws have no respect of persons! Even James I. were he now upon the throne, could not grant his favourite a pardon for all manner of treasons, murders, felonies, and outrages whatever already committed, or which should hereafter be committed by him.' 'Happy island, how peculiar is thy lot!' Sometimes, however, his exclamations are worded with a strictness and caution which may alarm weak minds; for instance: 'The habeas corpus is a barrier which the prince can never pass'—we could not

wish for more desirable intelligence; but, softly—something follows—‘*without consent of parliament*’; the consent of parliament will never be obtained—a most consoling promise, after what we have seen consented to, if it were absolute and unreserved, but alas! a limitation is annexed which awakens all our fears, for this consent *may* possibly be granted ‘in the *last extremity*,’ and of that extremity who shall be the judge? Another condition is subjoined in the same sentence, which indeed seems to contemplate an impossible event, and to bring in question what was never doubted before:—the author says ‘*while the representatives are independent*.’ [p. 29.] Were they ever otherwise? There is not a finer passage in the work than the eulogy on the English judges.—‘The subtle arts of pleaders cannot entangle them; the brilliancy of rhetoric cannot dazzle them; the low chicanery of attorneys cannot puzzle them, &c. When the *hounds* are at a fault, the *old sportsman* can generally guess *which way the game is gone*—their commission being ‘*quamdiu se bene gesserint*,’ they have nothing to fear by acting uprightly.—The renunciation of the power of the crown over the judges during the present reign incontestibly proves the patriotic disposition of our justly beloved and highly venerated monarch.

‘As much as Englishmen are indebted to a Shaftsbury for the Habeas Corpus Act, much, very much indeed, are they indebted to a North, during whose administration this change in respect to the judges took place in this country.’ p. 35.

We may take this opportunity of correcting a common, but mistaken opinion, that the change in the judges’ commissions from ‘*durante bene placito*’ to ‘*quamdiu se bene gesserint*’ was made, as Mr. Ferris states, in the present reign. In fact, that important constitutional improvement was enacted under William the third, by a statute passed in the twelfth year of his reign. In the first year of his present majesty it was provided by parliament, in consequence of a recommendation from the throne, that the judges’ commissions should not *be vacated by any demise of the crown*. This useful alteration has been often confounded with the far more important one, above mentioned, regulating the tenure, by which the judges held their office. It imposed a wholesome restriction on future sovereigns, but involved no ‘renunciation of rights during the present reign.’ We may add too that Englishmen are not indebted for this benefit to a North, but to a Bute, who was minister when the measure was adopted.

ART. IX.—*The Plants, a Poem. Cantos the First and Second, with Notes; and occasional Poems. By William Tighe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 156. 8s. Carpenter. 1808.*

‘TWO Cantos are here submitted to the public of a poem, which may be concluded in two more. The title of the third part, if completed, will be *THE VINE*; and of the fourth, *THE PALM*. The object of this attempt is not only to bring together the most remarkable circumstances relative to each plant, from which the separate cantos derive their names, and to combine many of the ideas of association which the review of each subject may naturally awaken, but also to consider the Rose as the emblem of Love, the Oak of Liberty, the Vine of Friendship, and the Palm of Religion.’
—Preface.

The first canto opens with an address to love and to the nightingale, in which the poet takes advantage of a beautiful eastern fiction representing that musical bird as the lover of the rose. From considering its various tribes, emblems, and attributes among the eastern nations, he is led to the introduction of the Syrian rose into France in the time of the crusades by a certain Count of Brie, in Champagne, who, planting it in his native place handed it down to posterity under the name of the Provins rose, called by corruption, the rose of Provence. Its various modes of propagation and treatment are next described, and a few verses are devoted to an absurd superstition of the middle ages respecting the palingenesis or resuscitation of the rose from its ashes by the art of alchemy.

The poet then touches on the medical uses of the rose, and introduces the episode of Milto, an Ionian damsel, who, as *Ælian* informs us, cured herself of a swelling in the neck by an application of rose-leaves, and afterwards became the mistress of the younger Cyrus. Hence he wanders to ‘*Conserve of roses*,’ and the ‘*Essential oil*,’ in which he supposes *Venus* to have immersed her favourite *Paris* after his duel with the injured *Spartan*. The durability of the perfume thus preserved leads him into reflections on the short-lived fragrance of the flower itself, which are no bad specimen of the general tenor of the versification.

‘Far otherwise the tender flowers: they fade,
And lose their languid essence in the air,
E’en on *Nerina*’s love-inspiring breast;
Or, loosely nodding o’er the plaited locks
Of *Mira*, bending in the brilliant maze
Of animated dance; or waving o’er

The airy robe, in all the negligence
 Of grace, when festive music wakes to joy
 The troubled dream, and lethargy of life,
 For one short hour. How soon, in one short hour,
 Closes the gleam of pleasure, and the dawn
 Of hope ! Ye shepherds, in Arcadian vales,
 Cease the light courses of your airy dance ;
 And from your arms, and drooping heads let fall
 The rosy bands, which youth for grateful love
 Had twined ; fall at the tomb of her, the late
 Companion of your sport, where first your eyes
 Catch the sad scroll, " I too was an Arcadian."*
 So fell from Proserpine o'er Enna's mead
 The blasted flowers, when down the dark descent
 'Gan roll the infernal car. Poor fading flowers !
 How soon you fail, like all we love ! emblem
 Of joys you crown'd ; when smiles are sunk in woe,
 And mirth's fantastic form dissolves in air.
 The self-same hands that o'er the bridal couch
 Have throng'd to scatter roses, shall return
 To mock with tributary flowers the grave,
 And bind, in weeping wreaths, the urn of death.' p. 23.

We will not quote the ensuing verses which seem to us a little jesuitical ; since we cannot be persuaded that any poet sits down to write verses with a firm belief that they will live no longer than a rose.

The remaining part of this canto is principally taken up with a very pretty story of Pliny's relating to Pausias of Siccyon, who took up the art of flower painting from the constant observation of the works of his mistress Glycera who earned her livelihood by weaving chaplets. This story would have been more interesting and more poetical, had it been less dilated.

This detail of the mode in which Mr. Tighe has treated the first part of his subject may serve in a great measure as an example of that which he has used in the second also. Here *freedom* is the allegorical object, as *love* in the other. Of course the British navy comes in for its full tribute of patriotic verse. Enchanted woods, the forest of Ardennes, and the idolatrous shades of Jewish, Grecian, and Druidical superstition form the subjects of the principal digressions. Dante's celebrated 'Grove of Suicide,' is well imitated, and contrasted with the beautiful retreats of Windsor Forest.

* *Et in Arcadiâ ego*, is the inscription on a tomb, in a celebrated picture by Nicholas Poussin, which some Arcadian shepherds are examining with mournful interest.

' Not so thy forests, Windsor, freely wave
 Their luxury of foliage, where secure
 The stag conducts his timid herd, or braves
 The willing combat for the prize of love.
 In careless ease amid thy cool retreats,
 The thrush and ring-dove unmolested court
 The woodman's song, and shepherd's early pipe,
 And if of evil ought within thy bouds
 Can stray, the fairies, from their nightly haunt
 In copse or dell, or round the trunk revered
 Of Herne's moon-silvered oak, shall chase away
 Each fog, each blight, and dedicate to peate
 Thy classic shade. They save from in-bred worms
 The pregnant seed ; they watch the tapering germ ;
 And when the cherished sprout above the green
 Shall pierce, they shall salute in frolic dance
 The infant tree, and sing the joyful birth,
 Quaffing in acorn cups the honied dew.' r. 84.

The author wanders from Windsor to the woods of Mississippi and the Apalachian wilds, and then re-crossing the Atlantic, ends his course in his native country.

' Here, on a humble seat, unseen, beneath
 Yon ivied rock, or where the russet thatch
 Shelters an artless hut, let me retrace
 The dream of life ; or, if that dream arouse
 The melancholy train of phantoms doom'd
 To haunt the restless circle, sadly trod
 By human recollection, let me awake
 The genius of the wood ; with him restore
 The memory of lapsed ages ; see the wolf,
 Sole tyrant of the forest, from his lair
 Spring to the chase, and on the heathy rock
 Arrest the panting fawn ; behold again,
 Around the blazing heap, a naked band
 Consume the monstrous elk, by savage wiles
 Ensnar'd ; or image scenes, where Danish swords
 Have dy'd the stream in blood ; or where the lone
 And patient Anchorite hath told his beads,
 While yet the woods of Erin could enshroud
 Her thousand saints.—Why, Erin, are thy hills
 Unclad, thy mountains of their robes bereft ?
 Shall the cold breeze, uncheck'd, pour o'er thy plains
 For ever ? has the fiend of discord chased
 Thy ancient Dryads to some peaceful shore
 Remote, and left thee bare and desolate ?
 In vain the British oak shall plough the sea,

Protector of thy liberties, if thou
Neglect the lenient hand to bind thy wounds.
'Then may thy happier scenes revive, and all
Thy sylvan nymphs and deities return,
The sacred woods above thy rivers bend,
And grateful harps, upon Lagenian hills,
Or where the Atlantic or the Northern main
Swells in the bosom of thy winding bays,
Record the living Oak ; thy sons, no more
Clear the dark wilderness of western worlds,
Or bathe their restless hands in kindred blood ;
While Commerce shall unfurl her social sails
To every wind, circling from every sea
Thy verdant shores secure ; and Fame adorn
With civic wreaths the guardians of thy peace,' p. 110.

Mr. Tighe's versification, as our readers will perceive from these specimens, is generally smooth and correct, his language pure, and upon the whole poetical ; yet instances not unfrequently occur of defects in all these points which we would advise him to observe and avoid. He is not careful enough about avoiding the recurrence of open vowels, which are faulty in all poetry, but in blank verse (which altogether depends on the extremest nicety of melody) inexcusable.

'And to all
The empyræal conclave gave new laws.'

Nothing can be more weak than the effect of one verse running into another without any attention to cadence, which however occurs in instances innumerable. It is so in the line just quoted. So also in the following :

'The European plunderers ; not from
The realms of *Cathay*.' (*Cathay*)

'Above all low affections and the vile
Bent of the selfish intellect,' &c. &c.

It is still worse where, in addition, the run of the verse is further impeded by a wrong accent.

'And bristle o'er her tender stem ; emble'ms (émblesms)
Of varying pain ;
How soon you fail, like all we love ! emblem
Of joys you crown'd ;' &c. &c. &c.

The accent of proper names is very often faulty, or at least uncommon, which is, perhaps as bad.

'Of Chàmpagne, or of Meaux, or Burgundy.'

'Their gilt pagodas Chínese matrons rear.'

'The Chínese freely quaffs the air impure.' &c. &c.

Once or twice a line occurs which has not even so much pretension to verse as the proper number of syllables confers.

'A Persian canopy awaits thee : thy charms
Shall bind the captive Cyrus.'

Among the smaller pieces added to the volume, the 'Lines in praise of Coffee,' make us imagine that Mr. Tighe would write in rhyme a great deal better than in blank verse. His sonnets are elegant, and give us a favourable impression of his powers in the alternate stanza. We select the following, with which we shall conclude this article.

'Ah whither fly?—me, not the madrigal
By Amaryllis to the smooth lute sung;
Nor perfumes from her amorous tresses flung,
Amid the enchanted dance; nor giddy hall
With revels mad, and pleasures ever new,
Shifting their fairy guise; nor hunter's horn;
No, nor the grey light of the virgin morn,
That from the wild flower sips the mountain dew,
Delight.—Can happiness her banners wave
O'er this devoted earth!—Then whither fly?
To thy dark shores, unknown eternity,
Lid with the trembling phantoms of the grave?
Ah no!—Still clinging to the world, my soul
Aghast thy blackening tide sees onward roll.'

ART. X.—*Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia, during the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806, with an Account of some of the Greek Islands. By Thomas Macgill. 2 Vols. 12mo. 9s. boards. Murray. 1808.*

THE author in his preface describes himself as having been 'engaged almost constantly in the pursuits of commerce,' and as having had 'in fact no leisure for those of literature.' We suppose therefore that of the following travels some of the materials may have been furnished by the cursory observations of Mr. Macgill, and that the rest have been supplied by fancy or by books, and thrown into the

present form by some gentleman who has had more leisure for the undertaking than Mr. Macgill. We are led to form this conclusion not from the confession of Mr. Macgill, but from the internal evidence of the work itself, in which we find many relations not very agreeable to truth, and many things described which Mr. Macgill never could have seen except from the benefit of *second sight*, which many of his countrymen are said so abundantly to possess. In the first sentence of his preface Mr. Macgill says, 'With *diffidence* the following sheets are offered to public notice;' but at p. v. he resumes a little of his native assurance, and says, 'it is with some degree of *confidence* that these letters are submitted to public view.' The three first letters are chiefly occupied with some account of Venice, and of the distress which has been brought on the more wealthy inhabitants of that once flourishing city by the different exactions of Austria and France. The author likewise describes his visits to Ancona and Loretto. In the fourth letter Mr. Macgill visits Trieste, sails among the Greek islands, lands at Scio, and afterwards travels by land to Smyrna.

As a proof of the profound information in which Mr. Macgill deals, we extract the following :

'The merchants of Trieste are not the most upright characters in the world; many of them are Greeks, who carry on commerce more on speculation than on real capitals.'

If Mr. Macgill had never been at Trieste, he might have given us as exact an account of the merchants of that place or of any other part of the world :

*** 'For several days,' says Mr. Macgill, 'we were on the north-west coast of the Morea, and had Mount Olympus in sight a considerable time.'

Mr. M. must surely have had very telescopic eyes! *** At p. 37, vol. i. Mr. M. says, that 'the Venetians are not bad sailors.' But at p. 46, the author exhibits the following specimen of their seamanship :

'Being in bed,' says he, 'one morning about four o'clock, I heard, the captain, who was a rigid Roman Catholic, come into the cabin, and striking on his breast, called on the Holy Virgin in the most energetic manner, "Santa Maria, Santa Maria, what have I done to merit this treatment? Save me, save me." I looked out of the state-room and asked him, "What was the matter?" "What," cried he, "did you not feel us strike? We shall be on shore presently." I

sprang out of bed and ran to the cabin windows, when I found we were about a quarter of a mile from the land in very deep water, and that the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass, but a gentle counter-current was carrying us along shore, and the captain was afraid of a promontory of land, which was still at a considerable distance.'

Mr. Macgill was, we suppose, employed as a traveller for some mercantile house in Scotland; but if he had been invested with the highest diplomatic character, he could not have been treated with more ceremony and respect than he affects to have received on the following occasion:

'ON MY ARRIVAL AT ZIA, the governor and all the different consuls visited ME, and invited ME in the most cordial manner to partake of every pleasure which the place afforded, during MY stay here. In return for this piece of kindness MY captain' (we have just seen this gentleman, though *no bad sailor*, quaking with fear at the sight of a promontory) 'gave a dinner on board his vessel to *all the first men in the island*.' * * * 'Such a day was never seen at Zia.' * * * 'In the evening we accompanied *his Excellency* and suite back to town.'

A little farther on Mr. Macgill tells us that the inhabitants of Zia 'are both filthy and indolent,' and that 'the only decent looking families are those of the Imperial and British consuls.' At p. 49, Mr. M. says that

'as the fair sex in Turkey have not the same *freedom of speech*, which is allowed to females in other countries, they probably use it to keep their jaws in motion.'

This assertion is false, the language vulgar, and the wit contemptible.

Mr. Macgill does not vouch for 'the following tale, but we suppose the author thought that it contained a piece of drollery that would give a zest to his book:

'An English gentleman who had resided in the Levant for a number of years, usually makes Scio his favourite place of abode on account of the fineness of the air: he is said to indulge himself with an air-bath, by walking *some hours in a state of nudity on the top of a high mountain*.'

At p. 52, Mr. M. says, 'he cannot positively assert that the ladies in the Levant wear the breeches, yet they certainly are decorated with articles of that nature.' At Scio the author asserts that 'the religion is chiefly Roman Catholic;' but had he known more of the matter he would have found the

worship of the Greek church much more prevalent. On the King's birth-day Mr. M. made incontrovertible demonstration of his loyalty, for he gave 'a few bottles of old rum to the crew, who,' though bigoted Catholics, 'invoked all their saints to bless the favourite of God, meaning George the Third.' Mr. M. also adds, that on this same day as a salute to the favourite of God, he let loose a pair of turtle doves, which he had brought from Italy, 'that they might return to land and prosecute their loves at liberty.' At p. 58, 59, we have a frivolous, and we will venture to add, false account of an *umbrella* being purloined from a British by a French consul. At p. 59, Mr. M. corrects our *historical ignorance*, for he says, that 'Elphinstone with the Russian fleet under his command, burnt that of the Turks,' &c. We had always thought that Orloff had commanded this fleet; and so we think still.

At p. 62, 3, we have the following attempt at the sensational and picturesque :

'Nothing interrupted the solemn stillness which reigned around, save the notes of Philomel, or the breeze which gently whispered through the boughs of the lofty elm or the gloomy cypress.'

We suppose that Mr. Macgill purchased this well-sugared sentence from the odorous pen of some conceited novelist in Grub-street. At p. 92, Mr. Macgill favours us with a specimen of critical sagacity, and a spice of classical lore :

'A garden is also shewn near Smyrna, called the garden of Homer; but as there are many people of that name here, it is probable that the garden belonged to one of their ancestors, who has been mistaken by posterity for the poet; on the banks of the river *Melice* (Males) about an hour's ride from the village of Bournabat, is a grotto called, Homer's Grotto, in which it is asserted he wrote his Iliad; and from its charming and retired situation it is not impossible he might make use of it as a retreat from society, and from the scorching rays of an ardent sun.'

But a little farther we learn from our consistent and communicative traveller that Homer could not have been much at his ease 'in this charming situation,' for he says, 'the interior is so low that it would be impossible to stand upright in it.' Perhaps the flatness of some of Homer's lines may be owing to this cause; we leave this suggestion to be pursued by the philosophical Mr. Macgill. A little lower down, p. 73, the voracious traveller says, 'As the hyenas have of late made a den of this grotto, it is no longer safe to enter it.' Thus then

it appears at last that Mr. Macgill, who does not seem to have been fond of facing wild beasts; had never been into the interior of this grotto; in which he tells us, as if from ocular inspection, that '*it would be impossible to stand upright.*' Mr. Macgill's book is not very deficient in these palpable self-contradictions. Mr. M. tells us that the lower castle of Smyrna is mounted with many pieces of ordnance of an astonishing calibre. He adds, '*I have often crept in and out of them;*' It is very fortunate that no hyenas had fixed their dwelling in these pieces of ordnance, or the world would have lost that fund of *instruction* and *amusement*, which it now possesses in these travels of Mr. Macgill.

In a former part of the Letter V. Mr. Macgill, who is fond of talking about Homer, says,

'This city (Smyrna) boasts of having given birth to Homer; it is ascertained, that at one time he had a school here,' &c.

We wish that Mr. Macgill, when he speaks so positively on a disputed fact, would give us his authority; but perhaps this point of Homer's keeping school in Smyrna has been sufficiently ascertained by the *ipse dixit* of our traveller.

'After quitting the narrow dirty streets of the city (Smyrna) the ride is uncommonly pleasant over a fine plain, well cultivated and planted in many parts with lime trees, which have stood several centuries, but which are still beautiful as well as venerable, and yield fruit abundantly.'

Mr. Macgill does not tell us how he ascertained the age of these trees; but we suppose that he acquired his knowledge of this fact by *as much research* as he ascertained that of Homer the author of the Iliad having been a schoolmaster at Smyrna.

At p. 80, Mr. M. tells us, that if any subject of the Grand Signior

'reveal to the government where a treasure lies concealed, he is sentenced to the bastinado or some other torture, until he confess that he has participated in his discovery.'

Those who are better acquainted with the Turkish government know that this assertion is not true. Besides the story is its own confutation. In p. 83, Mr. M. says, that the Turks 'regard all those who are not of their faith as infidels.' The Turks are not exclusively noted for this propensity. In p. 84, he says, that the churches of the Greeks 'are protected by Russia;' and that, where the Jews have

no synagogues, '*they are at liberty to pray in the Turkish mosques.*' We are compelled to give a flat denial to the truth of both these assertions. At p. 106, Mr. Macgill mentions an entertainment which '*was given on board the Braceal fifteen months ago,*' that is, fifteen months before his arrival at that place. But in the next page, Mr. Macgill, whose memory sometimes deserts him, makes himself a party at this feast; that is, to use an Iricism, in speaking of a Scot, he is *present* in his *absence* at a feast which he describes without having seen, and of which he partakes without having tasted one of the contents :

'All,' says Mr. M. meaning all the preparations for this feast, which was celebrated fifteen months before he had any idea of the matter, '*had the appearance of enchantment; for we had formed no idea whatever of what was going forward on this side; but the excellent fare soon convinced us that it was reality.* The ladies sat down to supper first and we waited on them; when they had finished they retired to their cabin, and we took their places. The monsieurs were quite electrified; a large ham and an extraordinary round of beef rivetted their eyes, they seemed to say, *no wonder these men fight.*'

This is but a sorry piece of wit, Mr. Macgill; but we suppose that it was the best which your store would furnish on such an occasion, when you were making yourself one of the heroes of a scene which you never saw, and astonishing the monsieurs by eating large slices of beef and ham, fifteen months after they had been consumed.

If we may believe Mr. M. he enjoyed abundance of good cheer at Smyrna; so much indeed that we wonder how he could ever prevail on himself to leave the place, if we had not recollected that he could not otherwise have shone in the hemisphere of authorship at London and Edinburgh. Mr. Macgill informs us, p. 114, '*that fishing at night is very amusing, and much more destructive.*' He was concerned in several nocturnal fishing excursions, in which he seems to have had some marvellous escapes from the predatory incursions of the Turks.

'We have more than once been fired at,' says he, '*in the night, but from the darkness never could ascertain by whom; but on hearing the ball whiz through the air, we could judge in what direction it came, and always returned the favour.*'

Page 117, we learn that in the Greek islands, the men are all inclined to be thieves, that '*many of them are actually*

pirates, and *being Greeks are destitute both of faith and humanity.*' Our classical partialities will not suffer us to let this pass without animadversion.—What would Mr. Macgill think of our moderation if we were to say that *being a Scot*, he was destitute both of candour and veracity? P. 120, Mr. M. says that the Turks dread the yellow-fever much more than the plague, and with far greater reason, as the plague can be communicated only by *contact*; whereas the former taints the air.—At p. 121, he says that in times when the plague prevails, some simple and effectual precautions are adopted by the Christians. Among these he tells us that '*if bread is bought, it must be hot*;' but the truth is that it must be cold; as the first furnishes a much more ready vehicle for propagating contagion than the last.

At p. 125, we have the following account of the stork; which, making due allowances for Mr. Macgill's propensity to exaggeration, is not uninteresting.

'The stork, which abounds in Turkey, destroys the locusts in great quantities; these birds are great favourites with the Mahometans; they build their nests in the roofs of their houses, or on high trees in the neighbourhood of their villages, where they remain quite tame, and free from molestation; they live upon vermin, and reptiles, and destroy snakes innumerable. In shape and size they resemble the heron; the legs and the beak are red and very long, the body and neck pure white, and the wings jet black; notwithstanding this they appear very ugly birds. They pay an annual visit to Turkey; they arrive in vast numbers about the middle of March, and always in the night: they arrange their progress very systematically: they send forward their scouts, who make their appearance a day or two before the grand army, and then return to give in their report, after which the whole body advances, and on its passage leaves, during the night, its detachments to garrison the different towns and villages on their way. Early in October, they take their departure in the same manner, so that no one can tell from whence they come, or whither they go. They are known in the night time to leave all the villages, and have been seen in the air like immense clouds: they leave none behind but those who, from infirmity or accident, are unable to fly. A person who, at the season of their departure, was in the habit of coming from the interior, told me, that, on his journey the year preceding, he had seen thousands and hundreds of thousands of them near the banks of a river, and that they annually assemble there, and when the general sees that his whole army is collected, he at a given moment sets them in motion, leaving a detachment, no doubt, to bring up the stragglers.

In Letter X. Mr. Macgill proceeds on his journey from

Smyrna to Constantinople, during which he dolefully relates how 'he experienced what it was to be out of Great Britain.' At Magnesia, Mr. M. was taken ill, and could obtain no medical assistant except one, *the smell of whom*, as he tells us, *made him sick*. At p. 132, Mr. Macgill gives the following instance of the vigilant police, which is observed in Axarra under the administration of Karosman Oglu.

'A cotton factor, when at a distance from any of the coffee, or guard houses, was overtaken by sleep, and tying his horse to a tree, lay down under its shade, to indulge himself in a nap. When he awoke, his horse, and the riches which he carried with him, were gone: application was made to the prince, who at that time chanced to be at no great distance from the spot where the theft was committed. He severely reprimanded the factor for his carelessness in lying down to sleep in so exposed a situation, when he might have gone on to a coffee-house. The factor's answer pleased the prince, and evinced the general confidence which was placed in his administration.—'Who would be afraid to sleep where Karosman Oglu governs?' He was ordered back to the tree under which he had taken his nap, to lodge for another night. In the morning, when he awoke, he found to his astonishment a man hung up on the tree, and his horse and property in the state he had left them when he went to sleep the first time.'

Mr. Macgill tells us, p. 135, that '*Axarra is something of a city*,' and that '*it ought always to be laid down as a rule in travelling in this country to follow the guide*.'

In Letter XI. we again find Mr. M. at Smyrna, and preparing to set off on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus.—At the time of his departure, Mr. M. affects the soft lullaby of melting prose.—'*A gentle zephyr bore away on its wings the sultry particles of a southern wind*.'

There is something pretty in the following relation, which we quote as we are friendly to the principle which it inculcates; and wish that the same benevolent sympathy which seems to animate the Turk in this instance were more operative in the bosom of the Christian.

'Near this hut we saw an old camel who was passing the evening of her days in plenty and tranquillity; for it is a humane principle of the Turks, that *an old servant ought never to be deserted when age or sickness has disabled him from being any farther useful*. Here she lay basking in the sun's rays, beside a plenteous fountain, or browsing in the verdant shade, as fancy or appetite dictated, whilst the children of the village playing around her, are taught by parents called savage, to be grateful for past services, and to respect and venerate old age.'

At Ephesus, where we find Mr. Macgill in Letter XII, he gravely tells us that '*no traces are to be seen of Demetrius the silversmith, nor of any of his fellows, who served the Great Diana of the Ephesians with shrines.*'—Mr. Macgill sometimes affects the sublime; and seems on these occasions to be no mean adept in the art of *sinking in prose*.

'The morning appeared clad in sable, and clouds full of rain topped the surrounding mountains; but long ere the lazy god of day arose in the east, the youthful prince paid us a visit in our hovel, preceded by a savage band, one of whom *carrying a golden axe*, demonstrative of his despotic power, paraded before him.—We proposed coffee to his *royal highness*, but he preferred a *tumbler of rum*, which he drank off with great relish.'

Mr. Macgill intends the following, as we suppose, to convince us that he has read the book of Ecclesiastes.

'A gleam of sunshine fell upon the prince, which a hasty cloud soon threw on the ruins of Ephesus, while the distant thunder seemed to murmur, *is not all vanity?*'

In Letter XIV. we again meet with our traveller at Constantinople, where he tells us that he found the company at the different ambassadors '*so ceremonious and insipid that he declined attending them.*' We are dubious whether he ever had an opportunity of declining the *ceremonious insipidity* of diplomatic hospitality.—But yet Mr. Macgill informs us in Letter XV. p. 189, that '*several of the ambassadors here are very respectable men;*' a little lower, however, he says that these respectable men have carried on a trade in protections, by which they made more than by their appointments.

In Letter XVII. p. 208, Mr. Macgill displays his geographical knowledge, and informs us that Taganrock is situated nearly at the mouth of two rich rivers, namely, the Don and the Volga. But it happens unfortunately for the accuracy of our traveller's statement that the mouth of the Volga is in the Caspian, and that of the Don in that part of the Black sea, which is called the sea of Azoph.

In Letter XVIII. Mr. Macgill in describing the state of society at Taganrock, he favours us, among other things, with the following description of the Russian baths, which, if it be correct, we recommend to the animadversion of the society for the suppression of vice.

'In these baths, that is to say, in the warm ones, both sexes meet promiscuously in a state of nature, and after washing, and no doubt admiring one another a considerable time, they plunge into cold water, &c.'

In Letter XIX. Mr. M. proceeds from Taganrock to Edessa; in the next we have a description of this flourishing town. In Letter XXI. he embarks for Constantinople, and in Letter XXII. he gives a rather interesting account of the commerce of that metropolis.

The greater part of the second volume is occupied with a description of the Turkish capital. In this volume as in the former, we have discovered misrepresentations and mistakes. Mr. Macgill has often copied from Eton, and Eton is not an infallible authority. If Mr. Macgill had consulted the more faithful account of the Turkish government, institutions, manners and customs to which he might have had access in the excellent work of Mr. Thornton, he might have corrected many errors into which his ignorance or his haste has caused him to fall.—Mr. Macgill has collected some interesting information, and has brought together some amusing particulars, but the true and false, that which is credible and that which deserves no credit, have been so blended together, that we should think ourselves deficient in our duty to the public if we had passed them over without reproof. Consistency and truth are indispensable requisites in the narrative either of the traveller or historian.

In Letter XXIII. vol. ii. Mr. Macgill says that he had been present at Constantinople at the audience which Lord Elgin had of the Sultan, when the ceremony of paying the janizaries was performed. On this occasion the author says, that

'This farce continued *some hours*, when his lordship, with just indignation declared that, *if it was not concluded immediately he would return home.*'

On the first perusal of this we were convinced that this statement was erroneous; and we were at least certain that neither Lord Elgin nor any other British ambassador would offer such a deliberate insult to the usages, however trivial or tedious, of a foreign court.—We have since seen a gentleman who was *actually* present when Lord Elgin had his first audience of the Sublime Porte, and he informs us that Mr. Macgill has here related what never happened. The praise of *accurate description* cannot be bestowed on the following passage:

'Each infidel,' meaning the ambassador, and his attendants, 'was adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the king of kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence; in this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.'

A dreadful fit of nausea seized us, as we cast our eyes over the following sentence, which Mr. Macgill no doubt thought indescribably fine, but which to our taste possesses all the properties of the most drastic vomit:

'The moon shone bright, and cast a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress, the most death-like stillness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion, for the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.'

When our readers after passing the night in a brilliant assembly of fashionables and dancing themselves off their legs, wish to have their exhausted sensibility excited, we advise them to take a row on the Thames till the oar beats in agreeable cadence to their breast.

Page 19, vol. ii, we are told that '*the slaves in Turkey are healthy and good looking*;' from which we should suppose that slavery improves the health and the look of slaves; at p. 26, he says that '*the Turkish ladies have fine teeth, as they eat nothing which can injure them*;' he should have added except fish, flesh, fowl, and abundance of sweet meats. At p. 42, we read that

'It is a custom with the Turks, when a prince or great personage dies, for their attendants, immediately upon the event, to beat the physicians and surgeons out of the house.'

At p. 44, we are told that on the funeral procession of a Sultan, the bier is supported by the Muftis, *each one lending only the point of his forefinger*.' Mr. Macgill seems fond of talking nonsense about the oar, after mentioning the practice of the young Franks, or Greeks serenading their mistresses from their barges, he says,

'The instruments played on by these lovers, are the lyre, the lute, the guitar, the violin, and the hautboys; at intervals the voice is emphatically introduced, to which the *beat of the oars forms a fine cadence*.'

. Macgill, like many modern writers sometimes en-

deavours to be *fine*, by expressing a common-place thought in a very *sentimental* way ; thus when he is going about his business he says,

'We found that the shadows were lengthened and prepared to depart.' *** As a continuation of our excursion we have been visiting Kakhana or the sweet water.

This is not KAK-hana but Kiaghut-hana, or the paper manufactory. Mr. Macgill would almost make us believe that he has been favoured above other Europeans with a knowledge of the interior æconomy of the seraglio.

'The throwing of the handkerchief probably originated in the belief that the Sultan throws one to the lady he chuses to select; but I have been assured even by those who HAD ACCESS TO THE HARAM, that this is a great error.'

From the account, which Mr. Macgill gives of the process of purification which he underwent at the Turkish bath, we should suppose that he had never been thoroughly washed before since he was born. He says that he was rubbed down with a hair cloth like what is used for cleaning horses ; that *'a sort of calcareous matter in incredible quantities'* was drawn from his skin ; and that *'the substance came off in rolls as thick as macaroni.'* We do not believe that this resemblance would have occurred to any other person but Mr. Macgill ; we quote it as a tolerable specimen both of his delicacy and his taste.

Mr. M. says p. 108, that the Turkish females indulge in the bath to such excess, that *'their flesh appears as if it were falling from their bones.'* We do not believe this. Speaking of two antient obelisks of granite, in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, he says that

'The pedestals of both of are white marble, and have been finely wrought in relief, but these the barbarians have mutilated in a terrible manner, and the inscriptions are totally obliterated.'

They were legible in 1803 ; and there is little doubt but so they still remain.

In the XXXVth letter, we find Mr. M. visiting the tomb of Achilles and the Troad, where he tells us, as a piece of interesting and *appropriate* information, that *'he procured a basket of cherries and a sallad on which he dined.'*

We shall now close our observations on the volumes of Mr. Macgill. They will no doubt be considered as amusing by

those who read only to *kill time*; but they will not satisfy the desire of those who require solidity of information, correctness of judgment, or simplicity of style.

ART. XI.—*Sketches of Character, or Specimens of real Life.*
3 Vols. Longman. 1808.

THE author tells us that

‘To give a genuine colouring to his *Sketches*, he has borrowed much from living originals, and many of the scenes represented are taken from real life; yet as personality was not his object, he has taken care, so to disguise his characters by name, rank, &c. that the originals need be under little apprehension of being exposed; nor is his general satire to be affixed to any but those whom the cap fits.’

The novel itself is on the whole a very spirited and natural performance; the dialogues and conversations are given with much freedom and elegance; and the characters in general are excessively well designed and executed. The story in itself is very trifling and claims little merit; but, such as it is, is well told. Amongst a number of curious and entertaining scenes we have a good description of a table d’hôte, which we will extract:

‘Temple was punctual to the dinner hour, and as the company took their seats according to the time of their coming to the house, he found he could not obtain a place next Emily, but endeavoured to get as nearly opposite as he could.

“First come, first served, Sir,” said Mrs. Hancock, seating herself above him, “I came isterday, so here I squats; ’tis in the rules, and ’tis vell there *be* rules, else we should be all at sixes and sevens, higgledy, piggledy: not but what ’tis all as good this hind of the table as the t’other—every bit—and I see summut as I d’love—b’il’d pourk and pease pudd’n—and please the pigs I’ll have some.”—“She’ll please herself for once then,” said Mr. Armstrong, “Monsieur St. Foix, what soup is that, pray?”—“Indeed, it look noting I can very much recommend.”—“It’s veal, Sir,” said Mrs. Snelgrove; “a knuckle of veal boil’d down.”—“It looks as if dere was too much made of it.”—“So it do, Sir,” cried Mrs. Hancock, “and I take it, Monsieur Count, ’tis what you call soup meager, eh?”—“Pardon, madam, dat is quite anoder ting.”—“Now, Sir, if it bain’t taking too great a liberty, might I ask, whether you ever eat a frog? ’cause I’ve heard tell such stories of fricassets in your country, of cats and mice, and all sorts of varmint, tuods and frogs, and what not, that for my part, I could never bring myself to think

'twas all true—so I should like to know for sartip—hope no offence, Sir.”—“Madam, you be very misinformed; we eat no sush tings, and *au contraire*, should consider it a breash of good breeding to talk of sush *varmints* at dinner.”—“Vell, now, I thought as 'twasnt true, though my sister Grimshaw, ou'd 'sist upon it as 'twas—legs! there's a thief in the can'le,” continued Mrs. Hancock, taking a pin from her side to remedy the defect; “and now, neybour Temple, hand my plate for some more pourk—near the handle, please, 'cause 'tain't done in the middle.—Oh, law, you put your thumb in my mustard—never mind—Oh, you ha'nt—now for some pudd'n—there—that's vell” —“Is there no such thing as a made dish of any kind that's fit to eat,” said Mr. Armstrong, with a distressed countenance, looking round the table; “Mr. Temple, I'll beg the favour, Sir, of knowing what is under that cover by you.”—“A custard-pudding, Sir.”—“Law, Squire T.” cried Mrs. Hancock, “the gentleman don't mean that there kiver—'tis this'n—law, and if it bain't hog's-pudd'n!—wish I'd know'd it afore; 'ever, I must have some present—Mr. Armstrong, ou'd'e like some hog's-pudd'n?”—“Hog's-pudding, Madam!”—“And a very good thing,” observed Sir Edward, “when 'tis hot.”—“Ah, Sir, but that looks quite cold,” said Mrs. Cottle, taking up a cover, “Mercy, mercy, here are sheep's hearts.”—“Ah, nasty!” exclaimed Mrs. Snelgrove. “And here's a mammock of a hash,” said Mr. Armstrong, but, added he, whispering to Miss Snelgrove, “they'll never catch me, at a boarding-table, eating hashes, or bread puddings, and I can hardly bring myself to a soup since the invention of digesters. I warrant there's one in this house. I vow there's nothing I can see fit to eat.”—“Why, Mr. Armstrong,” said Mrs. Wheeler, (the hostess) timidly, “you've nothing on your plate.”—“No, nor likely to. Ma'am.”—“Dear me, Sir, I'm sorry there's nothing you can fancy.”—“There's plenty, too,” observed Mrs. Webb, who was contentedly feasting on boiled tripe.

“There's too much dinner to-day,” said Sir Edward, in a friendly tone to Mrs. Wheeler.—“less of it, and better of the sort another time, my good lady.”—“Quality, not quantity for me,” squeaked Mrs. Cottle. “The boiled things are raw, and the roast are as dry as a stick,” said Mr. Armstrong; “do let us have some of that pork fried.”—“Yes, sure, Sir,”—“That's a waste, too,” said Sir Edward. “And do tell the cook,” continued Mr. Armstrong, “to pepper it well.”—“Let there be a piece for me,” added Mrs. Hancock, “without any pepper; 'ton't do for my cough—though I be fond of spices, they bain't fond of me—for I be but a poor body for health, though I look so rumbustious—I was bad enough o'conscience isterday evening; I was bad in my bowels, Sir, and a'ter I went to bed I grew wus and wus; I thought I should have died in the night: 'tis going about they tell me—and here I'm come to Bath,” continued she, sucking a chicken bone, “to have my bad leg pumpt upon.—Did you call for bread, neybour Temple—here, you shall have mine. I ha'nt bit it—come I'll have the crust and you shall have the peth—excuse my paws,

hands were made afore knives and forks—if you bain't going to drink no more of that there beer, I'll thank'e for't—one good turn deserves another you know—there's just enough for me now, and by'n by I'll have a good swig a'ter my cheese—why neighbour you don't eat—I must have some more pa'sly and butter—not over my bacon, squire—'tisn't 'il'd, is it? ah 'tis, what-a pity; it quite spiles one's dinner. What nice looking potatoes these be;" continued she cutting one in half with her knife.—"Law it grates against the steel—they bain't done—stick your fork in some cabbage for me, will'e, squire; that's vel." "Here's the fried pork, Mr. Armstrong," said Mrs. Wheeler. "Ah now, this looks well" said he, helping himself plentifully—"there's some sense in this—will any lady like some?—it's very well season'd. What say you, Miss o'Connor?" said Mr. Dixon, briskly stretching across the table to reach her plate, "allow me to anticipate your wishes"—"Ah," cried Mrs. Hancock, "she do look as if she wanted summat, poor young lady—with a hempty plate afore her."—"Sir Edward won't you take some?"—said Mr. Armstrong, helping himself again, and continuing to eat voraciously with his head down to his plate. "Vell, if Miss on't, nor Sir Edward, nor nobody, I vill—dy'e hear Mr. Armstrong—I'll take a mouthful of your fry, Sir, I'll help'e to hempt the dish if you bain't going to heat it all—thank'e, Sir,—Oh, ga!" cried Mrs. Hancock, with a wry face, "it tastes as if a drop o' taller had fell upon it."—"Damn it, madam," exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, in a rage, "you turn every body sick."—"Don't cuss at me, Sir,"—"I did'nt, ma'am."—"Oh, don't you say so," continued Mrs. Hancock, shaking her fore-finger at him, "for you *know* you did."—"Well there's enough said," replied Mr. Armstrong, sending away his plate. "There's a forfeit for you, Sir," said Mrs. Cottle, "for speaking a bad word, before the ladies have left the table."—"So there is" cried Mrs. Hancock " 'tis the fit—and tho gentlemen bain't to smoke neither, which I am glad of, for I can't abide the smell of bacca," &c. &c.

Our readers may no doubt think that we have given them a very sufficient specimen of an English table d'hôte, and will bid adieu to the volubly vulgar Mrs. Hancock, without much regret. But as a little fashionable conversation may be a good contrast we will select that which may be stiled a specimen of quizzing:

'Lady Aucherly perceived another gentleman, who was unknown to her: his appearance and physiognomy were by no means prepossessing; concluding it was Lord Dalzell, she endeavoured to look on him with complacency, but finding him to be a Mr. Whittington, she now saw him as he really was, a conceited, well made, well dressed little man, with a smart face, neatly trimmed whiskers, pert eyes and a prominent chin. On being introduced he made her ladyship *five or six* short, quick, successive bows, and accompanied his conversation with the same species of respect.

"A little coxcomb," whispered Miss Smith-Bouverie to Maria—"I can't bear him, he's so conceited—and so much pride"&c.——
 "What unfortunate devil's this you're abusing?" enquired Lord J. Bently. "A certain coxcomical little gentleman you've just been talking with."—"Oh, Whittington?—the most ridiculous puppy I ever knew—I love to quiz him—here, Whittington—these ladies have been admiring your figure—I mean your seals—you've a dozen haven't you—they're very handsome—and your buckles are extremely elegant indeed." Mr. Whittington made his bows.

"Lord John seems a judge of these matters," said Maria. "Yes, but on Whittington I'm sure to see whatever is elegant—I can't err in praising his taste." Mr. Whittington repeated his bows. "Look how he bows—ha! ha!—he gives us a *feu de joie* of them, ha! heh! heh!"

Mr. Whittington joined in the laugh, "you're very facetious Lord John." "Well, but Mr. Whittington," said Miss S. Bouverie, who enjoyed quizzing him, "how could you be so extravagant in such baubles; only consider what good you might have done with the money—now how much better it would have been to have given it to the church-wardens of your parish for the benefit of the poor—what self-approbation that would have secured you."—"To say nothing," added Lord John "of having your name stuck up in the church with an inscription in gold letters, informing all the congregation, that a worthy Mr. Whittington gave five pounds per annum to the poor of the parish *for ever*."—"I must take your advice another time," said Whittington; "look who have we here?" Mr. Mansel and his feline lady—he'll be jealous of you, Whittington. "How so?"—"How so? Why the devil, can you deny that you've not a partiality for cats, ha! ha! ha! you're a descendant I think of the famous Lord Mayor of Bow Bell memory—let me inspect your arms—ah—yes—a *chevron or between three cats rampant proper*.—I told you so, Miss St. Clair." "I assure you," said Whittington, they are leopards heads,"—"a modern alteration—the feline species is preserved—the crest is very evident a kitten *saltant*, ha! heh! heh!—mind, when you are ennobled, take an African King and Queen for supporters, and for your motto, "*a Cat may look at a King*," ha! heh! heh! we shall presently see what good friends you and Mrs. Mansell will be—you'll help her to all the dainties; perhaps she'd like a devilled mouse, suppose you run into the stable and catch one—&c. &c."

Our readers in fashionable life will allow this to be a very fair specimen in the art of quizzing *before dinner*. We will also give another specimen of the talents of our author in conversation:

"I wonder," continued Mrs. St. Clair, "it did'nt occur to Mrs. Smith Bouverie, that she must appear absurd with an artificial

flower stuck upon a diamond bandeau.—There are certain classes of ornament which should never be confounded—but some people never consult taste.

“Or propriety,” said lady Aucherly, referring by a side look at some young ladies in mourning, “their mother, Lady Vassal, has not been dead more than a month.”—“Ah, great want of judgment,” returned Mrs. St.Clair, “to be so soon at a ball—and dancing too!”

“Their dress,” added lady Aucherly, “betrays as much want of feeling.—Whimsical mourning, glittering with black bugles, seems rather to celebrate than mourn the event.”

“I’ve been often diverted,”—said Mrs. St. Clair, “at a funeral sermon, to see a set of mourning bonnets, decorated with black crape roses, merrily vibrating with the grief of their wearers.”—&c.—“How graceful the divine Vavasour is to-night!” said lady Aucherly, “would any one suppose that affected pair of eyes were ever employed on a page of divinity!” A reverend fop! returned Mrs. St. Clair, “I guess his graces are more conspicuous here, than in the pulpit.—Those Miss Percivals would do well to take lessons of him, I never saw girls so deficient in elegance of manners—and who because it happens to be the fashion to expose beautiful Grecian forms, imagine it to be equally fashionable to shew all the world their poor skinny long arms, with inoculation marks and boney elbows. In short,” returned Mrs. St. Clair “there’s nothing so absurd as blindly following a fashion which exposes personal defects.”—“Their mother,” continued lady Aucherly, “is still more ridiculous, exhibiting that old bosom of hers, with rows of pearl reposing between her brown wrinkles.” Ha! ha! ha! it’s too bad—and twelve Cæsars hanging round her neck—her whole figure seems spotted with cameos—I don’t condemn her rouge—that’s allowable—it improves her musty complexion; but her flaxen wig is truly comic——.”

Amongst the various characters described we have a colonel’s lady, who is soldier-mad—a Lady Aucherly, who is eminent for her elegance of manners and refined dissimulation—fashionable Bond-street loungers, and quizzing men of quality.

ART. XII.—*A Vindication of the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching, in a Letter to a Barrister, occasioned by the first Parts of his Hints to the Public and the Legislature, with a Postscript containing Strictures on his second Part. By John Styles. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Smith and Williams. 1808.*

IS this the worthy Mr. Styles, who so very lately practised that ‘pious fraud,’ of gutting the unwary, by adver-

tising himself and his 'Essay on the Stage,' by means of hand-bills posted about London, and throughout the country addressed 'to the admirers of the stage;' and who artfully secreted the name of the publishers of his book, lest the well known methodist shop, from which it issued, should lead to detection? Thus this upright gentleman endeavoured to sell his vapid phillipic against dramatic amusements, by duping every passing reader of his hand-bills to believe that the subject was so treated, as to be acceptable to the admirers of theatrical exhibitions. When this trading preacher pocketed the purchase money he no doubt laugh'd in his *evangelical* sleeve at the success of the imposition.

Is this that same worthy plagiarist Mr. Styles who gave such early proofs of his honesty, that at the appearance of his very first production, 'the Novel of Miranda,' he found it necessary to preface it, even at that time of day, by a vindication defending it from the charge of being, what he tells us it had been 'insolently, and ignorantly termed, a gull upon the public?' From the above specimen of the integrity of his riper years, we should judge that the charge of gulling the public, was not brought against him without reason.

A work more shamefully replete with virulent personalities, than the present we never remember to have witnessed. The worthy Mr. Styles is manifestly both low-born, and low-bred: vulgarity is his native element, and he is not able to move out of it. In the present instance, he comes forward as a defender of evangelical religion,—the cant term for calvinistic methodism; and in this character he has pilfered from the stalest writers in behalf of the scheme of calvinism, what has been copied again and again, vamped up, and retailed till the ear is disgusted with the fulsome repetition! But all this farrago of ignorance and dullness is pressed again into the service, and proffered to the ignorant as an answer to the 'Hints' of the barrister? and the entire want of reason and of argument is made up by a plenitude of foul-mouthed scurrility which would better become the mouth of a hired bully, than any thing in the shape of a public preacher.

The true state of the case is, that the *evangelical* host are in great alarm. They find that the vitiating tendencies of those false doctrines with which they have so long duped the ignorant, while they have enriched themselves, are so clearly exposed, and so pointedly reprobated by the barrister, that the secret schemes of spiritual pride, and secular selfishness which they had, so long and so closely planned have been laid bare!—They are conscious that this has created in the minds of a vast body of serious and reflective persons of

every class throughout the kingdom, the most anxious apprehensions for the safety of the establishment which was instituted for the express preservation of *moral order*, and *moral virtue* in the nation. The leaders of the *new spiritual power* in the state, as they have been justly termed, seem to stand aghast at beholding themselves and their proceedings thus suddenly and unexpectedly exposed! They feel it to be of the last importance that something should be said to soften this discovery, to calm the fears which it has excited. Their followers had it seems many of them, even in the lowest classes too much plain sense and moral worth to be the dupes of their interested leaders, when the fatal path which they were unconsciously treading was placed before their eyes. There have been, we are well informed, many recent separations from the sect, and the fears from this cause increase daily. This makes these new spiritual priests use a tenfold vigilance to keep up the delusion; no art, no effort, no stratagem is left unemployed to keep the bandage round the eyes of the credulous flock. The writer of the 'Hints,' is classed with the worst of infidels, the work itself is kept with the utmost care out of the Calvinistic circle; their own reviews are set to work to vilify it with every term of abuse, and to cry up and circulate every thing in the shape of 'an answer.' But every other review in the republic of letters is consigned to reprobation for the share of attention which they have shewn, and the importance which they have assigned to it. 'The reviewers,' says this worthy scribe; 'are implicated in the same guilt, and their critique on this pamphlet (the Hints) proves with what avidity they snatch at every opportunity to evince their enmity to the gospel of Christ!' But this venom of detected hypocrisy will vent itself in vain. We shall ever, we trust, in common with all our fellow-labourers in the field of literature, be found at our post. In the exercise of our literary and moral superintendence, we shall remit no exertion to prevent the propagation of errors which tend to bring truth, honesty, and every virtue into disrepute. We have most assiduously laboured, and no consideration upon earth shall prevent us from labouring to rescue the deluded multitude from the fangs of methodistic fanaticism and imposture.—

Such rancour and fierceness as this man exhibits in every page we have never seen equalled. The terms '*Assassin*,' '*dagger*,' '*dirk*,' '*stiletto*,' seem so familiar to his pen, that his language sounds to our ear more like a meditation upon *murder*, than a vindication of evangelical religion.'

We learn that Mr. Styles has lately found it *convenient*

to move from the Isle of Wight, where he had to pay dearly for slanderously vilifying a clergyman of the establishment, and that he is gone to try how far methodism can be *turned to account*, at *Brighton*. But alas, we fear that the trade is rather dull *there*; and that he

‘inly murmuring miserably groans
To see the empty dish, and hear the sounding bones.’

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

Art. 13.—The Legislature alarmed, and the Barrister unmasked, occasioned by the Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effects of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister. Part the Second. By Vigil. 8vo. 1s. Williams and Smith.

WE have heard of thieves, who, when closely pursued, have turned upon their pursuer, and charged him with the robbery. The same species of manœuvre has been practised upon the barrister, by those persons who have come forward to reply to the statements which he has laid before the public of the principles, and the progress of what he justly denominates ‘the new SPIRITUAL POWER.’ They feel it impossible to evade the force of his charges, and they perceive the impression which his *Hints* are calculated to produce upon the public mind, and as their only possible way of escape, they turn upon their assailant, and with hardened effrontery, charge *him* with being the enemy of Christianity and hostile to the established church. But the trick is too stale to impose on any man who has the good fortune to retain the use of his understanding. *VIGIL* seems to have written the pamphlet before us for the mere purpose of advertising the *title* prefixed to it, which seems intended like the pamphlet itself, to convey as much slander as could conveniently be foisted into it. For a single *argument*, or a single sentence of any kind, to the purpose, we have looked in vain. The Barrister is associated with Tom Paine, ‘the GODDESS OF REASON,’ imported from the French revolutionists, must be adored at *his* imperial mandate; he has ‘a predilection for *popery*,’ he is smiting the present administration through the sides of the HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, ‘he appears to be an infidel,’ ‘his mind seems as callous as a mill-stone,’ ‘though he speaks fairly, yet the poison of *abs* is under

his lips,' after all this, and much more of the same stamp, which sets truth, and decency alike at defiance, the writer comes to a close very *curiously* and very *consistently*, in the words following.

'I conclude intreating this *advocate* for GOOD WORKS to lay aside his weapons of malice, and to unite *with me* in those excellent collects of our national church used on *quinquagesima*, and the fifth Sunday after trinity. 'O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without *charity*, are nothing worth; send thy holy ghost, and pour into our hearts *that most excellent gift of CHARITY*, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is *counted dead* before thee, grant this for thine only son Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.'

We fear this malignant methodist whoever he is, must for the present be *counted dead*, on the score of *charity*, and as to *his doings*, as far as we can judge of them from the performance before us they certainly 'are nothing worth.'

ART. 14.—*An Essay on future Punishment. By R. Wright. 8d. D. Eaton, 187, High Holborn. 1808.*

MR. Wright is the author of numerous publications which are well adapted to promote the best interests of rational Christianity. The present performance tends to rescue the great attribute of the MERCY of the Deity from reproach, and to make an impression on those who peruse it with attention that must be favourable to their progressive advances in unsophisticated piety.

ART. 15.—*The Office of Reason in Religion. By John Clarke, DD. Minister of the first Church in Boston, Massachusetts, and Author of the Answer to a Question; Why are you a Christian? 12mo. 3d. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.*

IN this little work the necessity of employing reason in the interpretation of the scriptures and in the province of faith is shown with much force of argument and perspicuity of illustration.

ART. 16.—*Essay on the Nature and Discipline of a Christian Church. By R. Wright. 3d. Eaton, High Holborn. 1808.*

THIS is a very sensible and judicious little tract and merits extensive circulation.

ART. 17.—*Divine and Moral Precepts, for the Conduct of a Christian towards God and Man. By John Hamond: supposed to have been the Father of Dr. Henry Hamond, author of the celebrated Annotations on the New Testament and other learned Works. And written for the instruction of his Grandson. Published by the Rev. John Plumtree. Prebendary of Worcester. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1808.*

MR. Plumtree informs us that he lately met with the MSS. from which this little work is printed in Worcestershire, where the amiable, temperate, and judicious theologian Dr. Henry Hamond passed

the latter years of his life. The father of this Dr. Henry Hamond was Dr. John Hamond, physician to Henry, prince of Wales son of James the first. Mr. Plumtree thinks that Dr. J. Hamond was the author of these precepts which he intended for the instruction of one of his grandchildren. We are in possession of a little volume in small 12mo. entitled, "Meditations, miscellaneous, holy and humane, by J. H. 2d. edition, London, 1639."—We are inclined to think that the work is the production of one of the Hamonds. They are both excellent in their kind, but perhaps there is more point and cogency of expression in the last. The following will serve as specimens of the sound piety, good sense and practical discretion which are to be found in this volume, which is edited by Mr. Plumtree.

"Let not your religion depend upon opinion; for then you will side with it, as a party in a faction. So will you be ready to run from opinion to opinion. Let your religion be more in your heart than in your brain. Heaven hath many tongues that talk of it, but few hearts that rightly affect it. A holy tongue excuses not a profane heart. Be not carried up and down with every wind of doctrine. CREEDS DO NOT MAKE CHRISTIANS; nor are opinions, be they ever so new, signs of new affections. Beg of God not to leave you to a deluded mind, nor give you over to the error of your heart." * * * "Without godliness there is no internal comfort to be found in conscience, nor external peace to be looked for in this world, nor eternal happiness to be hoped for in heaven." * * * "Never separate piety from honesty." * * * "Custom in sin will take away the conscience of sin." * * * "Sin when it is in the doing, seemeth to minister some pleasure;—but when once committed, the short pleasure thereof vanishes away, and long-enduring sorrow cometh in its stead." * * * "Pleasures are as one hath well observed, Junos in the pursuit, but clouds in the enjoyment." "Let your servants be such as you may command, and keep none about you but such as you give wages to; have no more than you can well employ; for one idle servant is far more expensive than ten that are well employed. It is vain in philosophy, and unwise in house matters to do that by many, which may be done by few." * * * "If thou trustest any servant with thy purse, be sure to take an account of him before you sleep. Whatsoever he thus gaineth by thee, he will never thank thee for; but will rather smile at thy simplicity. Besides it is the way to make them thieves, who might otherwise have been kept honest." * * * "Be not too severe with your servants lest they love you not; nor to remiss, lest they fear you not; nor too familiar lest they misinterpret this, and prize you not."

ART. 18.—*Observations on Seduction and Prostitution, and on the evil Consequences arising from them; extracted from Matthew Henry's Exposition on the Old and New Testament. By Mary Smith, a Penitent, late of the Magdalen Hospital, and published for her Benefit; with a Poem by Mr. Pratt on the same Subject. Second Edition. To which are prefixed preliminary Observations, and an Address to the Legis-*

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lature, containing some proposed Measures for the Suppression of Seduction, and female Prostitution. 2s.6d. Hatchard. 1808.

MARY Smith very laudably proposes by the circulation of this work to 'deter others from falling into the snares of seduction;' and hopes 'by the profits arising from the sale to settle herself in a business which may provide for her future wants in this world.'

Ant. 19.—An Attempt to shew by what Means the United Kingdom and the World may be saved from Subjection to France, without the Abolition in Great Britain and Ireland, of all Distinctions on Account of Religion. 7s. 6d. Hatchard. 1808.

THERE are many judicious and sensible observations in this performance, and the author appears to possess a candid, though not a very comprehensive mind. Examples of his good sense and his candour may be found in many parts of his work, and particularly in the following reflections. 'It is possible that subjects in arms may have justice on their side; that far from being the violators they may be the defenders of the rights of society; and instead of revolutionary anarchists, the assertors of constitutional freedom. In such cases when those invested with supreme authority cannot but be conscious of the badness of their cause, they ought on no principle of policy, to evince a greater degree of persevering animosity against subjects in arms, than against any external enemy who carries on war on honourable terms. And it is becoming every regular government to prevent the horrors of civil discord, by yielding early to the popular sentiment, when in its nature just and reasonable. Every true patriot will firmly support the throne, but at the same time be far from inculcating the doctrine of complete non-resistance on the part of the people.' We cannot bestow such unqualified approbation on the remarks which the author makes on the Irish catholics. 'Will any man assert,' says he, 'that the Irish catholics are deprived of the common rights of subjects, or that they can charge their government with intolerance and persecution?' We will ask in return, are not the Irish from the profession of some speculative tenets which they believe true, exposed to various civil disabilities? Are they not consequently deprived of the common rights of subjects? And may they not fairly accuse the government under which they live of intolerance and persecution; but the author will say that 'the Irish catholics are allowed the free exercise of their religion;' but even this permission if rightly considered, furnishes an additional proof of the inconsistency or the injustice of the government. For if the practice of the catholic worship be an object of legal permission; why should those who make use of that permission, be on that account subjected to peculiar legal disabilities? If the catholic worship may be legally professed and practised, why should the Catholic

be punished by political restrictions, for professing and practising it as the laws permit? If the Catholic religion be really such as to prevent him, who professes it, from being a trusty privy counsellor, an upright judge, an equitable chancellor, an honest member of parliament, the deleterious effect which it must have on the moral principles; would render the individual equally base and unworthy in the subordinate offices of political society. Such a religion, if such were its influence, ought instead of being tolerated, not to be suffered even to exist. Those who professed it ought like people infected with the plague to be placed in a state of total insolation from the rest of the community. But if catholicism be a different religion, *if it be worthy of toleration*, then we say, that *the toleration, instead of being partial*, ought to be complete, and that the Catholics themselves, who may legally worship God, as they please, ought not to be debarred from any of those rights which other subjects enjoy, only because they worship God as conscience dictates, and as the laws permit. According to our view of the subject a partial and restricted toleration is more irrational and absurd than no toleration at all. We may assign reasons for not tolerating, but we can assign no sufficient reason for tolerating a worship, and then, for punishing those who only exercise the right which the tolerating law concedes.

ART. 20.—*The Madras School, or Elements of Tuition, comprising an Analysis of an Experiment in Education, made at the Male Asylum, Madras; with its Facts, Proofs, and Illustrations, to which are added Extracts of Sermons preached at Lambeth; a Sketch of a National Institution for training up the Children of the Poor; and a Specimen of the Mode of Religious Instruction, at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea.* By the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bell, F.A.S. F.R.S. Ed. Rector of Swanage, Dorset, late Minister of St. Mary's Madras; Chaplain of Fort St. George, and Director and Superintendent of the Male Asylum at Egmore. 8vo. Murray. 10s. 6d. 1808.

WE have expatiated so long and so fully on Dr. Bell's and Mr. Lancaster's improved modes of education in former numbers of our Review, that we shall do little more than exhibit the title of this performance. Dr. Bell has comprised in this valuable volume the substance of all that he has done, and most of what he has written on the subject of education. To those who wish to become fully acquainted with the system, or to assist in promoting the intellectual improvement of the lower classes we earnestly recommend the perusal of this interesting work.

ART. 21.—*Sir John Carr against Hood and Sharpe. Report of the above Case, tried at the Sittings after Trinity Term, before Lord Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, on Monday, the 25th of July, 1808. Taken in Short Hand by Thomas Jenkins.* 1808. 8vo. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe.

THIS is a very important trial, as it materially concerns the

liberty of the press; and with the liberty of the press the dearest rights of Englishmen are intimately connected. Without freedom of political discussion, civil liberty will soon be only an empty name; and without freedom of literary discussion, and critical remark, there must be a rapid and incurable depravation of the public taste. Ignorance and dulness, shielded from exposure by the formidable protection of the law, would shew themselves with an unblushing front; and arrogate those honours which are due only to knowledge and to genius. The decision of this trial has however established on a solid basis, the general rights of criticism, it has proved that ignorance may be exposed, falsehood detected, sophistry refuted, and absurdity ridiculed. Lord Ellenborough merits immortal honour by the opinion which he delivered in the charge to the jury on the subject of this prosecution. 'Every person,' said his lordship, 'who writes any book, and publishes it, of whatever description it may be, commits it to the public; any person may comment upon it, upon its principle, upon its tendency, or upon its style, may answer and expose to ridicule its character if it be ridiculous, and may do the same thing with the author, as far as he is embodied in the work.'—'It is contended that this work of the defendants should not be suffered, because it ridicules immoderately, the works of this plaintiff. Why, Gentlemen, if the thing itself be ridiculous, if the principle of it be bad, or though the principle be unobjectionable, if the work itself be ill-digested, bad composition, written with bad taste, or otherwise defective, so as to deserve the character of a 'bad book,' IT IS DOING GREAT SERVICE TO THE PUBLIC TO WRITE IT DOWN; such works cannot be too soon exposed, the sooner they disappear the better.'—'After Mr. Locke had published his essay upon government against that of Sir Robert Filmer, I dare say this sheriff, Sir Richard Phillips, would not have given a shilling for the book of Sir Robert, if it were a publication of the present time. What then, could any body maintain an action against Mr. Locke for his publication, for writing down the name of Sir Robert Filmer? Certainly not: Mr. Locke did great service to the public by writing down that work, and indeed any person does a service to the public who writes down any vapid or useless publication, such as never ought to have appeared. It prevents the dissemination of bad taste by the perusal of trash; and prevents people from wasting both their time and money.'

The jury, highly to their honour, were so impressed with the egregious folly of the prosecution, and with the total want of any evidence to establish a single particle of the allegations, that without a moment's hesitation, they returned a VERDICT FOR THE DEFENDANTS.

POETRY.

ART. 22.—*The Resurrection, a Poem: by John Stewart, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Love.* London. Longman and Co. 1808.

THE work is dedicated to the honour and glory of Jesus Christ, and the poem itself betrays throughout a want of judgment equally lamentable. The first book treats of the natural proofs of a future state, and the counsel of God with regard to man's redemption. The history of that event follows in the second and part of the third book, the latter concludes with remarks on the beneficial influence of christianity on conscience, on oppression, annihilation, suicide, duelling, &c. In the fourth book we find the author on his voyage to the heavens; in the first of these he finds Milton, Vida, Sidney, Falkland, Nelson, Wolf, Tertullian, Titus, Charles the Martyr, Paley, Hervey and Wesley, Burgh, Howard, Fox, Chatham, and Pitt. In the middle heaven are the twelve Apostles, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nanzianzen. Thence he descends to the abode of unhappy spirits. The fifth book describes the last day, the destruction of the earth and sea, the final separation of the good and bad, and the beginning of eternity. This author appears to be more deficient in judgment and taste, than in imagination and the power of elocution. We find some Greek in the notes, according to the prevailing fashion; we therefore presume to recommend a more diligent study of the classical models, accompanied with a careful perusal of Aristotle, Longinus, &c. which if they prevent Mr. Stewart from publishing for the present will enable him to write for the future. The following quotation will shew that there is no want of natural ability:

'The summer sky, still partial tinges shed,
And edged the horizon with its faintest red;
Sunk in the western wave, the fires of day
Had long long ceas'd on ocean's lap to play,
And solemn midnight saw the evening star,
Shoot its long track of splendour from afar,
Tip with its trembling beams the streamlet hoar,
And softly gem the silver-sanded shore;
'The balmy winds were lulled in slumber deep,
And the swift eagles nestled on the steep;
And sweetly fell on Bethlem's fields, the dews,
That paint all nature, in reviving hues,
While the gay shepherds, 'neath the fine topt rock,
Attuned their pipes, and watched the spowly flock,
When through the shadowy veil transparent shine,
The smiles of day, refulgent and divine,

And thus an angel voice ; Rejoice, rejoice,
A saviour born demands your grateful voice, &c. &c.
BOOK II. P. 39.

ART. 23.—*Eccentric Tales. In Verse. By Cornelius Crambo, Esq.*
8vo. Tipper. 5s.

FIVE shillings in boards !!! We murmured this over in our minds two or three times, and then betook ourselves to solve the following problem in arithmetic. If a small volume of foolish verse be worth five shillings, what would a volume of good prose be worth ? We tried it by the RULE OF THREE, but we were so perplexed for want of some common measure of value between sense and nonsense, that to use the school boy's phrase, we could not bring out the answer. Instead thereof we present the reader with a specimen of the crown imperial, which this poetical florist gives in exchange for as much solid silver coin.

' Search through this spacious palace, and behold
Whilst others arms appear in burnish'd gold,
The British find no room, *but here ;*
The exile smiled, as on the monarch ran,
He loved his country, though a banish'd man,
And answered thus the royal sneer,

' How great, how wise ! For this in my belief
Your *costive* Majesty finds much relief,
Whoe'er advised it was no fool ;
Were they exposed 'twould be a grievous case
For, Sire, the British arms in any place
Would bring a Frenchman to a st——'

At such a crisis, we could not recommend a better pocket companion than this volume of verse.

ART. 24.—*Pathetic Tales, Poems, &c. by J. B. Fisher, Author of the Hermitage, Mort Castle, &c. &c.* 8vo. Longman. 1808.

MR. Fisher says that he was at an early period of his life a victim to the caprice of fortune, and that his poverty rather than his will consented to the present publication. We fear that Mr. Fisher's poetry is not very likely to improve his fortune, nor to alleviate his poverty.

ART. 25.—*Verses by the Rev. R. N. French of Foremark, Derbyshire,* 8vo. 7s. 6d. Longman. 1808.

MR. French has produced some pretty verses, but we have not discovered any that rise above mediocrity.

ART. 26.—*Scripture Versions, Hymns, and Reflections on select Passages. By J. Waring. Designed for the Use of young People. 3s. 6d. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1808.*

THE design is good but we cannot bestow much praise on the execution.

ART. 27.—*Little Odes to great Folks, with a dedicatory Dithyrambic to Sir R—ch—rd Ph—ll—ps, Knight. By Pinder Minimus. With Notes critical and explanatory, by Sextus Scriblerus. 8vo. 1808. Oddy.*

WE have seldom been condemned to peruse more despicable trash.

ART. 28.—*The Imperial Conspirator overthrown; or Spanish Poison for Subjugation. The last Act of a long Tragedy. A serio-burlesque Performance. By P. H. Edwards, Esq. 8vo. Hughes. 1808.*

IN this work the author has given Napoleon a poetical quietus. In the following lines does he allude to the present ministers?

*' Now as he's gone, perchance we may be called
To strict account, a thing we do not wish.'*

MEDICINE.

ART. 29.—*The Pharmacopeia of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. Translated into English, with Observations, Indexes, &c. &c. By Thomas Morrison, Surgeon. 8vo. Dublin. Printed for the Translator, No. 27, Dame-Street. 1807.*

A GENERAL spirit of reformation seems to pervade the incorporated medical bodies of the united kingdom, which is doubtless a pleasing sign that these societies are not unheedful of the objects of their incorporation, and that public utility is the base on which every establishment should be founded. Perhaps furnishing the public with a good dispensary is one of the most important of these objects. A work of this nature is not a proper subject of criticism. We will therefore content ourselves with a few cursory remarks.

Preparations which are more strictly chemical are the first in order in this Pharmacopeia. After these come the preparations which our predecessors would have called galenical not arranged in very particular or scientific order. One chapter we observe which is not admitted by the London or Edinburgh colleges; it is entitled extemporaneous preparations. It contains principally the decoctions and infusions, and other articles which it was found inconvenient to comprehend under the other titles. The college have adopted in the chemical department very nearly the nomenclature of the modern chemists. But to this they have

not adhered with perfect strictness. Thus we see they retain the name of kali for the vegetable alkali, though it is a name unknown in the systems of chemistry, and liable to some solid objections. Among substances recently introduced, we observe aqua-sulphurati kali, aqua sulphureti ammoniæ, sulphuretum ferri, and hydro-sulphuretum ammoniæ. Some of the names we think to be of an inconvenient and unreasonable length; for example, tinctura acetatis ferri cum alcohol and tinctura muriatis ferri cum oxydo rubro. But upon the whole we regard this production as very creditable to the learned body from which it has emanated. The translation of Mr. Morrison seems faithfully executed, which is all that such a work is capable of. It contains also a copious appendix on subjects connected with pharmacy, and the materia medica. This we think would more properly have formed the basis of a separate publication.

NOVELS.

ART. 30.—*Memoirs of Maria, Countess d'Alva; being neither Novel nor Romance, but appertaining to both. Interspersed with Historic Facts and Comic Incidents, in the course of which are introduced Fragments and Circumstances not altogether inapplicable to the Events of this distracted Age, and to the Measures of the foresighted Defenders of our Holy Faith. By Priscilla Parlante. 2 Vols. 8vo. Miller. 1808.*

IF this production be neither novel nor romance, it becomes an exceedingly difficult task to determine how it is to be entitled. We do assure Miss Parlante that we have read it through with great attention, and are utterly unable to discover what else she would have us call it. For some time we fancied (misled, it should seem, by an insinuation in the title-page), that it must contain some occult satire on what is now passing in the world, and we proceed to assign in fancy, the absurd and whimsical names of Develorio, Roguerum, Orrondo, Quadrago, Scarzino, Thurlbear, Bellrante, Rapid, Quirk, &c. &c. to divers members of the present administration; however, if any allusion to politics was intended, it is so very subtle as to have entirely escaped our utmost penetration. We have been equally unfortunate in our endeavour to detect a single 'fragment or circumstance,' (unless one or two disjointed and unnecessary observations of Miss Parlante's can be so called,) 'not altogether inapplicable to the events of this distracted age, and to the measures of the foresighted defenders of our holy faith.'

History is, indeed, now and then brought into aid the impressions of fiction; but not in so prominent manner as to justify the pompous enunciation of the title-page; and as to comedy, though it seems to have been sometimes attempted, it does not

extend beyond a few passages of mistaken Scotch jargon, or of extremely repulsive vulgarity.

In short, we can find nothing to distinguish this book from any other of the numerous productions of the day, which under the generic term, novel, or romance, are designed to hurrow up the soul with terror, or melt it in all the soft overflowings of delicate sensibility.

Had the Countess d'Alva made her appearance before us in that simple shape, we could only have said that she is an unjustly persecuted lady, who suffers under every accumulation of calamity and horror with unshaken fortitude, and unaltered meekness, and fervent piety, and is in the end duly rewarded (*secundum artem*) with the hand of the gentleman for whom she is evidently cut out from the very beginning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31.—*Letters from a Portuguese Nun to an Officer in the French Army. Translated by W. R. Bowles, Esq. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Oddy. 1808.*

THE title page of this work has probably deceived others, as it did us, into a supposition that it was the history of some romantic amour real or fictitious, which has taken place in Portugal, during the present unprincipled occupation of that country by the French. Such a narration might derive from time present, an interest which does not attach to a similar event that occurred in the year 1663. To compensate for this, we are told in the preface, that these letters have never been read without emotion; that on the continent they had excited a great and general interest, and that in the French language, they have been translated into twelve editions. We know that there exists on the continent, a taste for sickly sensibility, which in this country is cherished by few. We are in this instance of the opinion of the many, and pronounce the contents of this volume in the highest degree dull and wearisome. It is not a tale told in letters, like many of our best English romances, or like the history of Abelard and Eloise, it is not diversified by a single incident, but is merely a mass of sentiment, and that of the most trite and common-place order.

ART. 32.—*Men and Manners, or concentrated Wisdom, by A. Hunter, M.D. F. R.S. 12mo. 3s. Mawman. 1808.*

TO those who are wise, as well as to those who have no wisdom, this work is dedicated by the author, Dr. Hunter of York, who is well known to the literary world by many ingenious publications. The present volume consists entirely of short de-

tached sentences or aphorisms, eleven hundred and forty-six in number, which may be perused with amusement at an idle hour, and many of which may be treasured up and reflected upon with advantage. The only method of conveying an idea of the work to our readers, is by making a few extracts.

'Never enter an auction room, for there you will be tempted to buy what you do not want.'

'If you mean to buy a house, that you intend to alter and improve, be sure to double the tradesmen's estimate.'

'It is a merciless act to confine an unfortunate and industrious man in a jail. Ask yourself if it be not revenge?'

'Never write a letter when in a passion.'

'A wise man has almost as many prejudices as a fool.'

'You must not expect others to keep your secret, when you cannot keep it yourself.'

'Allow a man to have wit, and he will allow you to have judgment.'

'When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate: when made a duty, there is nothing more easy.'

'If you are disposed to grow fat, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut.'

'If you have lost your love, and think there is not such another in the world, consider that there is as good a fish in the sea, as ever was taken out of it.'

'What maintains one vice, would maintain two children.'

'He who is always his own counsellor, will often have a fool for his client.'

'He that hinders not a mischief when in his power, is guilty of it.'

ART. 33.—*A Vocabulary, English and Greek, arranged systematically to advance the Learner in scientific as well as verbal Knowledge. Designed for the Use of Schools. By Nathaniel Howard. 1808. Longman. 12mo.*

THE Greek language is so copious that few persons ever master the vocabulary. The present work is well calculated to expedite the knowledge of those terms of natural history, of art and science, which are commonly the last learned, and the first forgotten.

ART. 34.—*The Child's own Book, or Infant's Pleasing Instructor, containing a Variety of Lessons suited to the Capacity of Children. Liverpool: F. B. Wright. 1808.*

THE lessons are well selected.

ART. 35.—*Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow, to which is annexed a copious Index to many Passages relating to this Bird, in ancient and modern Authors. By Philochelidon. Second Edition with Additions. 1808. 8vo. Phillips, George-yard, Lombard-Street.*

PHILOCHELIDON has condensed into this pamphlet a good deal of curious information relative to the swallow, and in an index he has referred to all the authors, whether ancient or modern by whom it is mentioned. After stating the different opinions on the subject, he concurs with the idea that swallows are birds of passage. 'If these birds lay concealed in winter,' says he, 'in the same countries which they inhabit in summer, they would probably make their first appearance in spring, in mild weather, and would most likely appear sooner in early than in late seasons, which is quite contrary to experience. For several years past I have observed that chimney swallows have appeared first in cold weather. I have sometimes seen them as early as April the 2nd, when the mercury in the thermometer has been below the freezing point. On the other hand I have often taken notice that during the continuance of mild weather for the space of a fortnight in the month of April, not so much as one swallow has appeared. It is a well known fact that the swallow, like most other birds of passage, appears earlier, and departs later in the southern than in the northern parts of Great Britain, and it must have been observed by every one who is attentive to natural history, that towards the latter end of September, swallows, *hirundines rustice*, as well as martins, *hirundines urbiæ*, congregate in great numbers, and are frequently seen sitting on the tops of houses, and on rocks near the sea. These meetings usually continue for several days, after which they suddenly disappear.'

ART. 36.—*Report of the Proceedings under a Writ of Enquiry for Damages, in an Action in the Court of King's Bench, in which the Right Honourable Lord Boringdon was Plaintiff, and the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Paget, K. B. Defendant, executed before the Sheriff of Middlesex, and a Special Jury on Tuesday the 19th of July, 1808. Taken in Short Hand by Mr. Gurney. 8vo. 2s. Stockdale. 1808.*

THE circumstances of this case are too well known for us to say any thing on the subject. It may be questioned whether the publication of trials for adultery do not tend to vitiate the public morals, and to excite to, rather than deter from, the commission of the crime.

ART. 37.—*The Dramatic Appellant, containing the Barons of Edinburgh, a Tragedy; Albert and Rosalie, a Melo-drama. The Wager,*

a Musical Entertainment, William Tell, a Tragedy. No. 1. to be continued Quarterly. 5s. Hughes.

THE object of this work is to enable those authors whose dramatic pieces are rejected by the managers of the theatres to appeal from their decision to that of the public. That the managers sometimes reject pieces, which are fit for representation, while they occasionally accept others which have no dramatic excellence is undoubtedly true; and as far as such a publication as the present may render the managers more deliberate in their judgment, or more discreet in their choice, it may tend to benefit the public taste. But we cannot say that any of the pieces in this number of the Appellant are such as discover any want of taste in our theatrical censors in not bringing them on the stage.

ART. 38.—*Calligraphia Græca et Poecilographia Græca: a Work explaining and exemplifying the Mode of forming the Greek Characters, with Ease and Elegance, according to the Method adopted by Dr. Thomas Young, and exhibiting a copious Collection of the various Forms of the Letters, and of their Connections and Constructions. Written by John Hodgkin, Engraved by H. Ashley. 1807. Payne. Folio 18s.*

THE Greek scholar will find this work an useful addition to his library. One of the plates contains the various forms of the Greek alphabet from the age of Cadmus to the fourteenth century of the Christian era; comprehending a period of near three thousand years. The eleven last plates exhibit the various abbreviations and constructions of Greek words and letters which are found in inscriptions, MSS. and books. Some of those were communicated by that late prince of Greek scholars, professor Porson, and others which are copied from those which Villosion found in the Lexicon of Apollonius. This production is embellished with the most beautiful Greek characters, which the scholar may copy with advantage, who wishes to make a proficiency in the calligraphy of that language.

ART. 39.—*Old Nick's Pocket-book, or Hints for 'a ryghte pendantique ande mangleins Publication,' to be called my Pocket-book. By Himself. 8vo. Sherwood. 1808.*

THIS volume professes to be the production of one unknown to Sir John Carr whose fame he stands forth to defend; if so the knight has an honest friend in Old Nick, who here roasts My Pocket-book, and calls its author *over the coals*, with more temper, and occasionally with more justice than we should have expected from his Satanic Majesty.

ART. 40.—*Observations on the Influence of Soil and Climate upon Wool; from which is deduced a certain and easy Method of Improving the Quality of English Clothing Wools, and preserving the Health of*

Sheep; with Hints for the Management after Shearing, an Inquiry into the Structure, Growth, and Formation of Wool and Hair; and Remarks on the Means by which the Spanish Breed of Sheep may be made to preserve the best Qualities of its Fleece unchanged in different Climates. By Robert Bakewell. With occasional Notes and Remarks by the Right Honourable Lord Somerville. 8vo. 1806. Hardings.

MR. BAKEWELL'S principal object in this work, which is of great national importance, is 'to point out the means by which the value of English clothing wools may be greatly increased, and an annual saving to a very large amount in the flock of sheep may be obtained.' The author affirms from the deductions of long experience, that 'by the application of a well chosen unguent, wool may be defended from the action of the soil and elements, and improved more than can be effected by any other means except an entire change of each breed.' He says that by this practice the wool will 'become finer, and the quantity be increased;' and that it will be found to "preserve sheep in situations, where without it they would inevitably perish." * * * 'Where the practice of greasing sheep has prevailed, the great quantity of tar which was always combined with the unguent, prevented the advantages of its application to the wool from being discovered, and the breed of sheep on which it is most practised is naturally the worst which exists in Britain, for the production of wool. It is only in Northumberland, and in some parts of the neighbouring countries, that flocks of fine woolled sheep have received the benefit of greasing with a mixture, in which the tar used was merely sufficient to give it tenacity.' Mr. Bakewell adds that 'many cloths made from greased Northumberland wool have been sold as cloths made from good Spanish wool, and have equalled them in their texture and softness; ungreased wools equally fine and manufactured in the same way, would have made a cloth, the value of which would not have equalled the former by at least 30 per cent.' Lord Somerville has enriched this valuable work with some judicious observations.

ART. 41.—*An Abstract of the History of the Bible for the Use of Children and Young Persons, with Questions for Examination, and a Sketch of scripture Geography, illustrated with Maps.* By W. Turner. 12mo. Longman. 1806.

USEFUL for schools.

ART. 42.—*Petit Tableau, ou Elements de la Constitution des Loix, du Gouvernement, du Royaume-uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande. Mis a la Portee des Jeunes Gens, avec l'Explication des Mots le plus difficiles en Anglois au bas de chaque Page.* Par N. Wanostrocht, Docteur en Droit, Auteur de Plusieurs autres ouvrages relatifs a l'instruction de la Jeunesse. 12mo.

DOCTOR Wanostrocht, whose reputation both as a teacher,

and compiler is deservedly great, has presented the youth of the rising generation with an acceptable manual of the English constitution and laws, explained in a manner the most simple, and intelligible of any that we have hitherto seen.

ART. 43.—*An Essay on national and sepulchral Monuments, by William Wood of Cork-Street, London. 4to. 2s. 6d. Millar. 1808.*

NATIONAL monuments may be employed as incentives to patriotic exertion and heroic enterprize. They operate on the conduct by putting in motion that strong and generous passion of the heart, the desire of posthumous fame; or of surviving in the grateful recollection of our fellow creatures, and of being honoured and beloved when we are no more. In the more early ages of society, before mankind had made any great proficiency in literature, public monuments of brass or stone, afforded at once the best encouragement to noble deeds, and the most permanent meed of fame. But in an age like the present we are of opinion that the best, the most durable and the most satisfactory monument of great, and good actions, is furnished by the PRESS.—This is a monument, which unlike the edifice of marble or of brass, is susceptible of loco-motion; and may be rendered palpable to the eye of reason, and the eye of sense, not only in every part of one country, but in every country in the world. No monuments are composed of such indestructible materials as those which are constructed by the genius of the typographic art.—Though they may be partially destroyed, yet they may at the same time, be indefinitely multiplied, and perpetually reproduced.—But as books are repositories rather for the spirits than for the bodies of the dead, and as the mortal part of the brave, the good, and wise, must have some terrestrial abode, we think that the interest of the country may be promoted by appropriating some distinguished place of burial to the illustrious dead.—If some splendid and costly sepulchre were constructed by the nation, on purpose to contain the mortal remains of none but those who had benefited their country by their courage, their wisdom, or their virtue, it would undoubtedly operate as an encouragement to exertions of military, of moral, and intellectual renown.—Mr. Wood proposes to erect national monuments in two or three elevated situations of easy and general resort; which should be characterised at once by durability of material, simplicity of form, and magnitude of dimensions.—The form which Mr. W. recommends is that of the pyramid; on which he would place colossal lions on suitable pedestals at the angles.—As inhabitants of the most polished and civilized country in Europe, we are not friends to the exhibition of such savage beasts on a tomb, which is to receive the ashes of none but the brave, the good, and the wise.—The pyramidal form seems to deserve the preference as far as the idea of solidity only is regarded; but we should prefer some structure which is more in the Grecian style, and in which strength might be combined with elegance.

ART. 44.—*Sequel to the useful Arithmetic, an Attempt to explain and exemplify the Nature, Principles, Operations, and proper Application of the higher Branches of the Science of Numbers including appropriate Exercises, Questions, Contractions, and Tables, designed to succeed the former Tract, and a complete System of Arithmetical Instruction. By Adam Taylor. Longman.*

THE execution does not ill correspond with the intention, which is expressed in the title page.

ART. 45.—*Midas; or, a serious Enquiry concerning Taste and Genius, including a Proposal for the certain Advancement of the elegant Arts. To which is added, by Way of Illustration, a Fragment of antient History. By Antony Fisgrave, LL. D. 12mo. 7s. Murray. 1808.*

IN this *serious* enquiry, the measure by which the author, whose gaiety is grave, but whose gravity is not gay, proposes to advance the elegant arts is by placing the arts dependant upon genius 'under the immediate protection and superintendence of an authority regularly and legally constituted. That this conservative power shall be vested in a supreme council or high court of criticism; possessing full powers to examine and determine all cases respecting the productions and performances of genius, to enforce obedience, to punish contumacy, and from whose decrees there shall be no appeal. That all works of art, recently executed, shall, before they are presented to the public, be regularly submitted to the inspection of this court, or to its sub-committees, (responsible to the same) to be duly examined and valued, whereof proper testimonials will be given; that all other works of a more ancient date shall in like manner be caused to pass before this tribunal, there to receive such stamps or marks as will enable the possessors, venders, or purchasers thereof, to know at once their precise value, so that the traffic in such precious wares may be completely protected from fraud. And as the faculty of taste extends its cognizance to whatever comes within the province of genius, to all the ramifications of art, all its productions of every species shall be placed under the superintendence of this court; a regulation intended expressly to guard against the insidious introduction of bad taste, by avenues remote, and unguarded. Accordingly all poets, painters, musicians, &c. divided into classes, agreeable to their respective merits, shall receive certain honorary degrees, together with their licence of practice, from the same source; and whoever shall presume to act without this high sanction, shall be deemed empirics, and treated as unauthorized and irregular practitioners. The members of this supreme court, as I have before intimated, should consist of a competent number of gentlemen, distinguished for their superior taste, or the exquisite state of that faculty wherewith such persons are enabled to ascertain the merit and quality of ingenious works with the utmost precision. No other than persons so qualified shall, on any account, either of rank, fortune, or high station, be deemed eligible to a

seat. They shall be perfectly independent; and holding their office for life: upon the demise of members; all vacancies shall be filled by the court from the most worthy of their own order; by which means the purity of the body will be preserved, and the good effects of the establishment cease only with the resolution of the social system, whereof it is a part.'

The following is the author's definition of genius which he says, 'cannot be made more clear if volumes were written to explain it.' 'In the arts of design (selecting them as an example,) genius is that faculty which enables its possessor to give a mimic existence to the objects, circumstances and scenery of nature, whether it be animated or otherwise. This wonderful faculty of imitation, though capable of being enriched and improved by diligent exercise, is intuitive. The mind of an artist must be considered as a kind of mirror, upon which the images of external objects are received; if its surface be true, the more correct and excellent will be the reflected shades, which genius through the agency of the artist, from time to time gives back and embodies, either simply or combined, accordingly as the faculty may from its peculiar character, be disposed.'

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

The Exodiad, a Poem.
 Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.
 Dr. Bancroft's Letter to the Commissioners of Military Enquiry.
 Dr. Jackson's Do.
 Dr. M'Grigor's Do.
 Keate's Observations, &c.
 Proceedings of a Medical Board.
 Fischer's Picture of Madrid.
 Miles's Letter to the Prince of Wales.
 Frier on Aneurism.
 Noble's Blackheath, &c.